

The Sketch

No. 1160.—Vol. XC.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

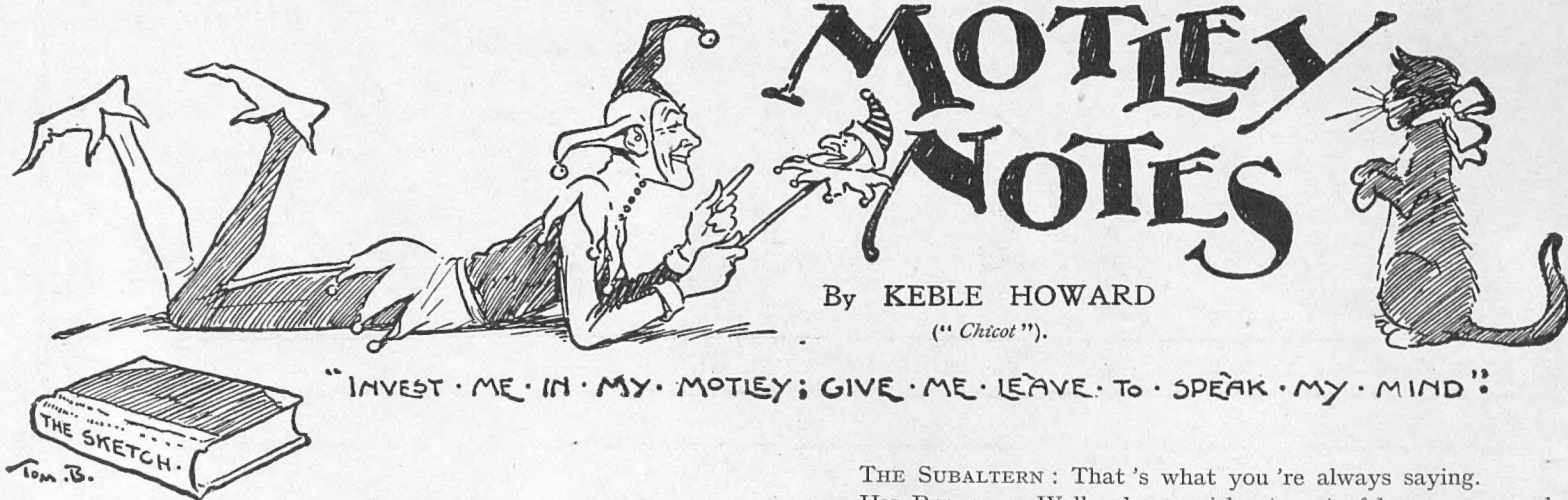


ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN EDWARD EGERTON, NOW ON ACTIVE SERVICE: MISS RACHEL BUTLER,
YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY ARTHUR BUTLER.

Miss Butler, younger daughter of Lord Arthur Butler, elder of the two brothers of the Marquess of Ormonde, was born in 1894. Her mother is an American, daughter of the late General Anson Stager. One of her brothers is in the 17th Lancers, the

regiment to which her fiancé belongs. Captain Egerton, who was born in 1889, is the son of the late Mr. Charles Augustus Egerton and of Lady Mabelle Egerton, eldest daughter of Earl Brassey. He is at present at the front.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

"KITCHENER'S BOYS."

I. THE COLONEL.

HIS LADY: You'll find your thickest vests, dear, at the top of the big trunk.

THE COLONEL: Thanks, old lady.

HIS LADY: And the thick pants and socks are just underneath.

THE COLONEL: Right you are.

HIS LADY: I hope they won't get lost, but, in case they do, I shall send on a fresh set in about six weeks' time.

THE COLONEL: That'll be splendid.

HIS LADY: You'll find a large bottle of your tonic in your suitcase. You will take it regularly, won't you, dear? Doctor Nisbet seems to think it's done you so much good.

THE COLONEL: I'll take every drop of it.

HIS LADY: That's right. All your khaki handkerchiefs are carefully marked. Have you got one with you?

THE COLONEL: Here we are—one of the swagger silk fellers!

HIS LADY: That's good. Is that the taxi?

THE COLONEL: Not yet. It won't be here for five minutes yet.

HIS LADY: Write as soon as you can, but, of course, I shan't mind if I don't hear.

THE COLONEL: Come, I like that!

HIS LADY: Well, you know what I mean. I shall understand that you were frightfully busy.

THE COLONEL: Bless you! . . .

HIS LADY: Is that the taxi?

THE COLONEL: Not yet. He's due in three minutes.

HIS LADY: I think I'll say good-bye now, darling. I want to be quite myself when I come to the front-door.

THE COLONEL: Of course, you'll be quite yourself! Good-bye, old lady!

HIS LADY: Good-bye, my darling! God take care of you . . . and . . . bring you . . . bring you—

THE COLONEL: Now! You know what you promised! . . . Here's the taxi.

HIS LADY: Yes, I know . . . I'm all right . . . Don't worry about me . . . You've got a lovely morning for your journey, haven't you?

II. THE SUBALTERN.

THE SUBALTERN: Awfully decent of you to turn up at the train, old thing!

HIS PHYLLIS: Catch me missing it! I love the bustle of it all!

THE SUBALTERN: Is that all you came for?

HIS PHYLLIS: What else should I come for?

THE SUBALTERN: I dunno. Thought p'r'aps you wanted to have a last squint at me.

HIS PHYLLIS: You mustn't be so frightfully conceited.

THE SUBALTERN: Well, *didn't* you?

HIS PHYLLIS: Don't think I shall tell you.

THE SUBALTERN: Why not?

HIS PHYLLIS: Not good for little boys to be told too many things.

THE SUBALTERN: Oh, but, hang it! We've only got about five minutes! You might come off your perch for once in a way.

HIS PHYLLIS: I think I *am* off it.

THE SUBALTERN: I don't.

HIS PHYLLIS: Don't you? You must be very dense.

THE SUBALTERN: That's what you're always saying.

HIS PHYLLIS: Well, when a girl gets out of her warm couch at seven o'clock in the morning, and stands half-an-hour on an icy platform—

THE SUBALTERN: I say! D'you think I might—? I mean to say, would you mind? I'd be awfully quick!

HIS PHYLLIS: I don't know what you're talking about. Bye-bye.

THE SUBALTERN: I know it's rotten bad form in public, but, in a way, you know, it's a special occasion, and—

HIS PHYLLIS: Be quick, then! . . . (*The train moves.*)

THE SUBALTERN: I say!

HIS PHYLLIS: Mind your head!

THE SUBALTERN: No, but, I say, this is awfully important! . . . If I come through this all right, will you—? You know!

HIS PHYLLIS: Bless the boy! Will I what?

THE SUBALTERN: You know—fix things up—get spliced! Eh? Will you, Phil?

HIS PHYLLIS: (*Nods.*)

THE SUBALTERN: Good egg!

III. TOMMY ATKINS.

PRIVATE ATKINS: 'Ave another?

HIS LIZ: Thanks, I've 'ad enough.

PRIVATE ATKINS: Not fer luck?

HIS LIZ: Oh, well, then—

PRIVATE ATKINS: A small port, Miss, and mine's a bitter!—'Ere's a last kind love, ole gal!

HIS LIZ: 'Ere's to yer! . . . Don't yew go an' ferget that 'elmet as yew promised ter fetch 'ome fer me! I'm countin' on that, mind, fer over the mantelshelf in the drorin'-room.

PRIVATE ATKINS: 'Elmet? Love yer, you can 'ave as many blinkin' 'elmets as yer fancies! 'An' swords! 'An' rifles! You leave it ter me! I'll 'ave a blinkin' British Museum be the time I've done with 'em!

HIS LIZ: And not too much larkin' round with them bloomin' French gals, yer know! I've 'eard something about them! Mustard ain't the word for gay Paree, be all accounts.

PRIVATE ATKINS: Don't you worry yerself about thet. I ain't one o' that sort, an' never was.

HIS LIZ: Oh, 'ark ter Mister Hinnercent! If I was ter put a lump o' fresh butter in yer mouth it 'ud freeze—I don't think!

PRIVATE ATKINS: I don't set up ter be no saint, but when a man's got a nice little gal waitin' for 'im at 'ome, wot I sez is—

HIS LIZ: Bless the man, I never meant nothing! What 'ave yer done with that cigaw I give yer?

PRIVATE ATKINS: Oh, thet? Thet's in a safe place, thet is.

HIS LIZ: Ain't yer goin' ter smoke it? I should like ter see yer goin' orf lookin' like a bloomin' orficer.

PRIVATE ATKINS: I thought I'd keep it fer the boat, see?

HIS LIZ: Oh, well, suit yerself. . . . Send me a post-card, time an' agen.

PRIVATE ATKINS: You bet.

THE SERGEANT: Fall in, men.

HIS LIZ: Well, time's up. Be good.

PRIVATE ATKINS: Good-bye, Liz. (*They embrace, frankly.*) If yer see the old lady, tell I went orf game, see?

HIS LIZ: Yes, dear—

THE SERGEANT: Fall in, men! Double up! . . .

POSTER - IMPRESSIONISM.



THE CHILD: Were they *all* drowned, Mummie?

DRAWN BY NELLIE C. GEORGE.

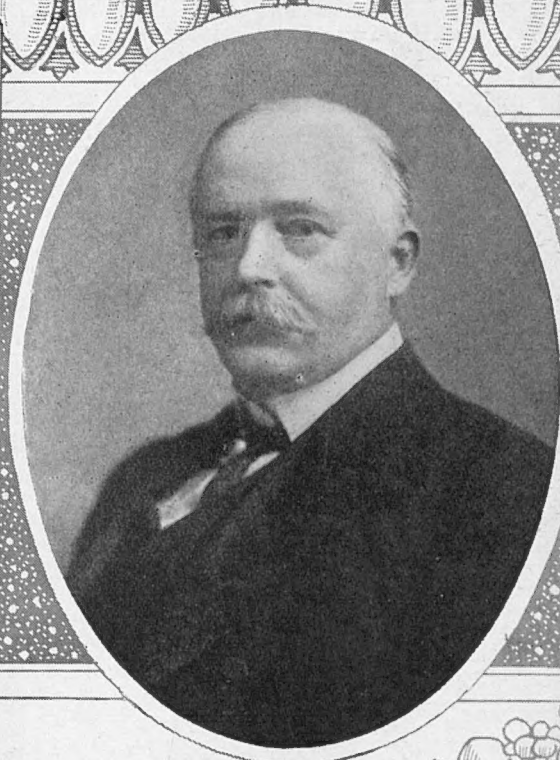
THE MEN WHO KNOW: SOME FAMOUS HOME STRATEGISTS — A



CAPTAIN CHARLES N. ROBINSON, R.N.
(NAVAL).



MR. A. H. POLLEN
(NAVAL).



MR. ARNOLD WHITE (NAVAL
AND MILITARY).



MR. ROBERT BLATCHFORD
(MILITARY).



MR. JOHN BUCHAN
(MILITARY).



MR. CHARLES LOWE
(MILITARY).

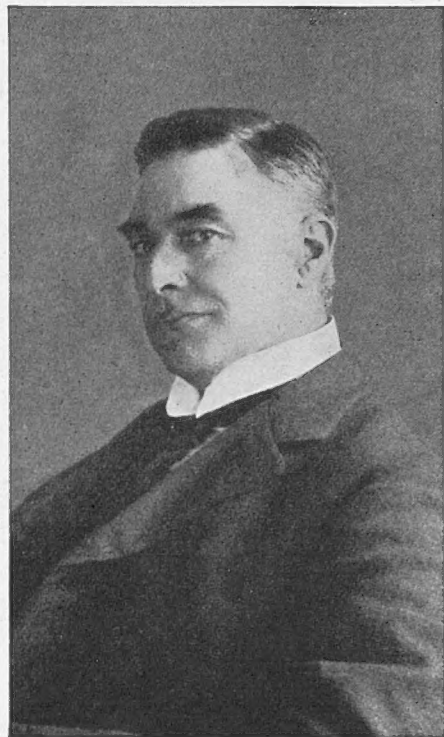
We are all familiar with the names of the distinguished naval and military critics who write about the war in the daily and weekly Press, or in books, or give lectures upon it. Everyone, however, is not so familiar with their personalities, and we accordingly give here portraits of some of the most prominent among them. Captain Robinson is the Naval Correspondent of the "Times," and has been on its editorial staff since 1893. He has contributed to the "Illustrated London News" since 1888, and he is also Naval editor of the "Army and Navy Gazette," in which he reviews each week the Naval aspect of the war. — Mr. A. H. Pollen, author of "The Navy at War," and a well-known lecturer, is a gunnery expert, whose system of fire-control and theories of gunnery were for twelve years a special secret of the Admiralty — Mr. Arnold White, "Vanoc" of the "Referee," writes in that paper on the war generally. He has worked for many years for a strong Navy, and is the author of "The Navy and Its Story" and "Efficiency and Empire." — Commander Carlyon Bellairs is a well-known Naval critic who writes chiefly in the "Evening Standard." — Mr. Fred T. Jane, who contributes to the same

Photographs by Downey, Debenham, Kate Pragnon, resford

NAVAL AND MILITARY CRITICS WRITING ABOUT THE WAR.



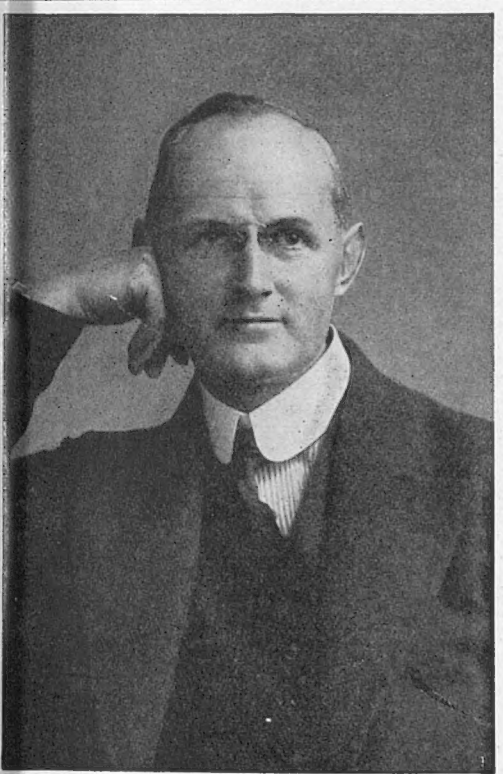
COMMANDER CARLYON BELLAIRST, R.N.
(NAVAL).



MR. FRED T. JANE
(NAVAL).



MR. GERARD FIENNES
(NAVAL).



MR. ARCHIBALD HURD
(NAVAL).



MR. W. DOUGLAS NEWTON
(MILITARY).



MR. J. L. GARVIN
(MILITARY).

per the notes under "The White Ensign," is also the editor of the well-known annuals—"Jane's Fighting Ships" and "Jane's Aircraft."—Mr. Gerard Fiennes is Naval correspondent of the "Observer" and the "Pall Mall Gazette."—Both of these papers are edited by Mr. J. L. Garvin, whose brilliant articles the war have attracted so much attention.—Mr. Robert Blatchford, the well-known Socialist, and himself an old soldier, writes in the "Weekly Dispatch."—Before the war his pamphlets on the German menace were widely read.—Mr. John Buchan is the author of Nelson's "History of the War." At one of his lectures recently Sir Edward Grey presided.—Mr. Charles Lowe, formerly Berlin correspondent of the "Times," is now writing an able weekly summary of events for the "Illustrated London News," while Mr. W. Douglas Newton is doing the same for the "Illustrated War News."—Mr. Archibald Hurd writes brilliantly on "the sea affair" in the "Daily Telegraph," and has written two of that paper's series of war books—"From Heligoland to Keeling Island" and "The Fleets at War."—Another famous military critic is Mr. Hilaire Belloc, of whom we gave a full-page portrait recently.

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TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published Photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "Studio" portraits), beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"ALSACE," unfortunately, is not a great play, but it has been very well boomed by being banned, possesses substantial merit, and is furiously topical; the style and dignity which mark "La Kommandatur" are not to be found in it, but most of our public will not miss them, whilst it has plenty of broad obvious humours, and some thrilling moments. The Germans of Alsace are not so outrageously German as Herr Schwartz and his frau and friends, though, perhaps, they would hardly be caricatures of Teutonic life more remote from civilisation; yet we laughed heartily at their arrogance and vulgarity, knowing that there was a very great substratum of truth in the picture of these uncouth, clumsy brutes with the elegance of a dancing bear. At the same time, we thrilled at the sight of the French Alsations singing the "Marseillaise" with bated breath and closed doors and windows, and were greatly moved by the struggle of the French mother to prevent her son from marrying a German, and her fight for him against his wife when war is declared. The theatre thundered with applause at the patriotic speeches, and roared recklessly at the use of a quite unprintable word by an elderly French servant as an insult to the German authorities. And Réjane acts in the piece as only she can act, and lifts it greatly during the whole time when she is on the stage, and in her masterly performance we see France personified. M. Delacre played very well as the young man who marries a German, but in some respects is not well suited to the task; M. Georges Desplas was ingeniously amusing as his father-in-law; M. Theo Bosman was quite admirable as the French servant; Mme. Vernoux gave a clever character-sketch as a young German girl; but Mme. Yvonne Mirval seemed a little ill at ease as the heroine. On the whole, an interesting, moving play.

The Criterion ought to make a success of "Three Spoonfuls," a very American farce. It has to a certain extent the American flavour which sometimes gives an interest to plays otherwise undistinguished. It possesses also a certain ability to manipulate an effectively comic situation. But, most important of all, it introduces in Mr. Zellah Covington an original character-actor with a face and a voice which would make the fortune of any play. The central idea—and not a bad one—is that an elderly General is supposed to have taken an overdose of an elixir of youth and become a very small baby, with complicated results which are rather ingeniously worked out; and Mr. Zellah Covington's entertaining personality was seen to great advantage as the inventor of the elixir much embarrassed by the success of his experiment. The farce was played with extraordinary vigour by an entirely American company, prominent among whom were Miss Rose Wilber, as a type of American flapper which seemed new; and Mr. John Arthur, as an unmistakably American young man; and it caused a great deal of very hearty laughter.

"The Half-Sister," at the Apollo, was a strangely amateurish little production, destined, we fear, to a short life. It was rightly described as a farce—indeed, the fact that it was not called a comedy and was very short were the chief points in its favour. It concerned four young people who had to pretend that one of their number was a Mrs. Somebody, and a gentleman and lady of that name turned up, and caused a certain amount of dodging about and fibbing. There were hints from time to time that something was going to be made of suggestions which might perhaps be called ideas, but nothing ever came of anything, and it is not easy to see why such a very humble little effort was thought worthy of a West-End production. It was played energetically by a company who did their best for it, but with small success.

We seemed to be assisting at a resurrection in the case of "The Panorama of Youth," though, of course, it was a real *première* at the St. James's of a new play by Mr. Hartley Manners. Unfortunately, the resemblance to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was so obvious that the word "Tanqueray" was soon about the house and among the faithful St. James's first-nighters, a great many of whom had been present on May 27, 1893, when the English theatre received a startling shock and vast benefit by the presentation of the story of Aubrey and Paula. Of course, the resemblance between the two plays is merely superficial, and consists of the fact that the premises are similar; but the deductions and conclusions are very different. The quaint thing about "The Panorama" is that in style it seems older than the work in which Mrs. Campbell made her triumph. The technique is about the same, but the deliberate introduction of choice speeches rich in stage *clichés* for the principal characters gives the piece an antique air. It almost harmonised with the quaint setting of the first act, with its perpendicular mouldings and tracings in a domestic interior. Obviously Mr. Manners has written his play from inside the theatre, and yet he has not caught the latest inside style. The work, considered uncritically, has its amusing moments and effective scenes of emotion, but, on the whole, is not very exhilarating. One does not believe in, or sympathise sufficiently with, the characters to be much moved. Sir George Alexander and his company struggled bravely, but none of the clever people achieved quite a customary success. We could not have asked them to play their parts better, and can hardly impute to them blame for the fact that they were uninteresting on this rare and exceptional occasion.



A VANISHED SEASON : SOCIETY IN SHADOW : THE GREATER GAME.

The Coming Summer.

This summer we shall not talk about the Season, for there will be no season in the accepted term, as all the great landmarks of amusement have, for one year at least, been swept on one side. Racing, as the Jockey Club in my humble opinion most wisely decided, is to go on, but is to go on for the benefit of the horse-breeders and the thousands of people who live by horse-breeding, and not as giving occasion for the meetings of Society.

Society Dissolved.

Society, indeed, has lost its meaning for the time being as a word, for all the elements that constitute Society are working in one way or another to bring the present terrible war to a victorious conclusion, and amusement, except such amusement as is absolutely necessary for the sake of health and as a relief to the mind, has been banished from the thoughts of everyone. All the young men who constitute one portion of Society are wearing khaki either at the front or in the training camps in Great Britain; and nearly all the men who are too old for the trenches are working in some other way for the good and for the glory of the Empire. Every woman in Society has found for herself some way in which to help the cause of England, or the even greater cause—that of helping the wounded of all nations. Society at the present day is but an empty word. In its place are tens of thousands of distinguished women and men fighting each in her or his own way for Great Britain and the Red Cross.

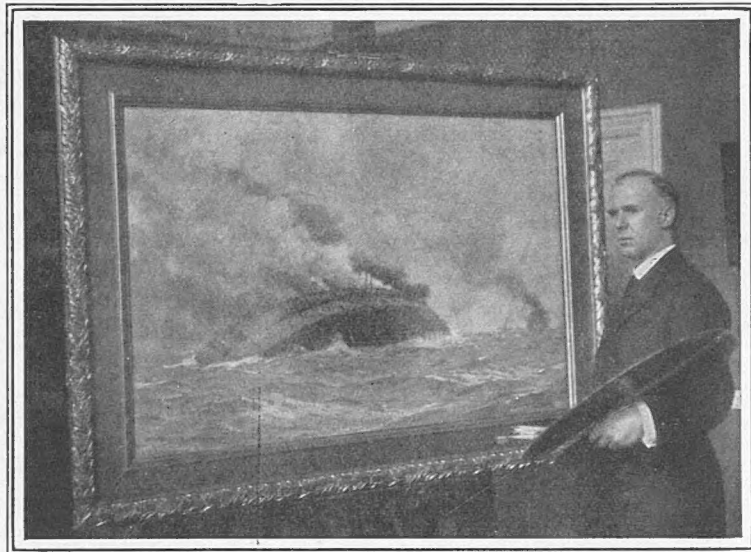
Ascot Like Newmarket.

The great Society festivals that have been thrown overboard this year would make a very long list. The King killed Ascot as the great fashionable race-meeting of the year when he decided not to attend the meeting; and the Stewards of the Jockey Club gave further emphasis to his Majesty's determination by abolishing, for this year, the Royal Enclosure and all the Club luncheon-tents. Only the men and the women who are really interested in racing for racing's sake will go to Ascot this year, and the meeting will be more like a Newmarket one than like the great royal festival it usually is.

Eton v. Harrow.

As the Oxford v. Cambridge Boat Race very rightly went by the board, it was only natural that the two great cricket matches of the year should follow suit. There was a suggestion made that the Eton v. Harrow match should be played on one or other of the school grounds, and for some reasons I am sorry that this suggestion was not carried out, for,

Were it to be played where Wellington said the Battle of Waterloo was won, or on the ground at the bottom of the hill at Harrow, cricket-lovers of both schools would go to watch it as they go to



AT WORK ON HIS PICTURE OF THE SINKING OF THE "BLÜCHER," FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MR. NORMAN WILKINSON, THE FAMOUS NAVAL ARTIST OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Mr. Norman Wilkinson, here seen at work on his picture of the sinking of the "Blücher" for the Academy, is very well known indeed as a naval artist of the "Illustrated London News," for which paper he has done some remarkably fine work during the Great War, as he has for its famous special Issue, "Great-War Deeds." Mr. Wilkinson, R.O.I., R.L., was born at Cambridge on Nov. 24, 1878. He was educated at Berkhamstead School; and he was a chorister at St. Paul's Cathedral from 1887 till 1891. His recreations are: shooting, fishing, and yachting; and he owns the eleven-ton cutter-yacht "Wild Rose." He is a member of the St. John's Wood Arts Club, and, being a marine painter, of course of a yacht club—the Royal Thames. His new paintings are certain to arouse much interest.

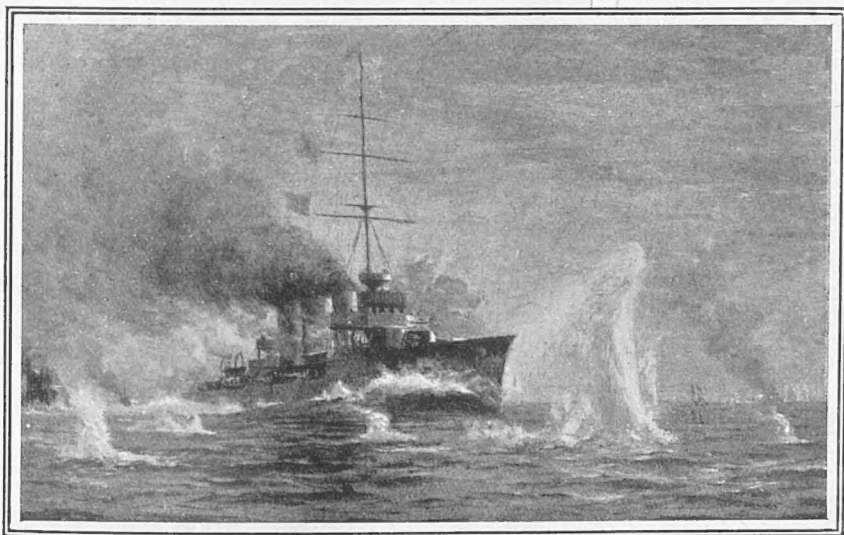
watch county cricket, and I do not think that this would offend anyone; but as it is, the great school match for this year has dropped out of the calendar.

The Polo Clubs.

The great Polo Clubs—Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton—must be placed in a somewhat difficult position, for the expense of keeping up their grounds and their club-houses must continue; but polo, I should imagine, except for an occasional scratch match, must be dead this year in England, as all the polo-players are playing the greater game out in France. Though many of the gallant fellows come back for a time wounded, and some of them have ridden races during the days of their convalescence, I doubt whether polo is a game that many of the wounded cavalry officers will have strength enough to play, even were the polo-ponies available. I wonder, by the way, what has become of all the polo-ponies. I fancy that quite a number of them are doing military duty in France, being used as infantry chargers, and no doubt a great many of them are with the cavalry in France, for a cavalry soldier does not ride his chargers every hour in the day, and often finds a pony an easy conveyance when he is not on parade.

The Golf-Courses.

Golf seems to me to be the one outdoor game that the hard-working man permits himself in war-time without any qualms of conscience. There is hardly a man of my acquaintance who has been busily engaged during the eight months of the war on work connected with the war who is not feeling the strain of the anxiety; and the men who are standing it the best are, I think, the men who have found time for open-air exercise, even should it be for only one afternoon in the week. Half at least of the golf-courses of Great Britain are occupied by camps, but there still remain a sufficient number to give the brain-tired man his one or two rounds on a Saturday afternoon. The man who loves golf and thinks and talks of nothing else but golf has disappeared in the presence of the war, and the golfers whom I meet now seem to me to be all men who are working desperately hard at useful work.



A PICTURE PAINTED FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY BY MR. NORMAN WILKINSON: THE "SAUCY ARETHUSA" IN ACTION.

The "Saucy Arethusa," as all the world knows the ship from the celebrated old song, has had great good fortune in adding to the fighting renown of her name in the present war. In the battle in the Bight of Heligoland she led the attack, and was foremost in the thick of the fray. In the Cuxhaven aeroplane-raid she played her part admirably with the covering war-ship squadron, and beat back one of the Zeppelins on her own account. In the Dogger Bank battle she was well up with the chasing van, and was in at the death of the "Blücher," her torpedoes finally finishing off the beaten German.

though battles will be fought this summer in Flanders and France—and, I hope, in Germany also—the boys at the big schools must play their games all the same, and the crown of the cricket season at the schools of Light Blue and Dark Blue is the annual match.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



REAR-ADMIRAL R. A. ALLENBY—FOR EMBARKING ON A NEW CAREER (IN THE JUNIOR SERVICE) WITHOUT PUTTING TO SEA.

Rear-Admiral R. A. Allenby, who recently retired from the Navy, has obtained a temporary commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, and has been appointed Assistant Embarkation Staff Officer.—Rear-Admiral the Hon. Horace Hood, whose despatch on the brilliant work of his flotilla off the Belgian coast recently appeared, is a descendant of the Admiral Lord Hood who won fame in the Napoleonic wars.—



REAR-ADMIRAL HOOD—FOR PUTTING A NEW "NAP" ON THE MANTLE OF HIS ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTOR.



M. GARROS—FOR HIS AIRY WAY OF DEALING WITH GERMAN BOMB-DROPPERS 4500 FEET UP.

M. Garros, the famous French airman, recently added to his brilliant feats in the war by chasing a German aeroplane that attempted to raid Dunkirk, and shooting the pilot and observer in mid-air at a height of 4500 feet.—Captain Kelly, of H.M.S. "Gloucester," has been made a C.B. for his services in chasing the "Goeben" and the "Breslau" on Aug. 6 and 7 last year.



CAPTAIN W. A. H. KELLY, R.N.—FOR BEING COMMANDER OF TWO FINE VESSELS—THE "GLOUCESTER" AND THE BATH.

Photographs by Russell and Son, Weston Underwood and Underwood, and West.



THE LOWESTOFT SPARROW—FOR SHARING HONOURS OF AN AIR-RAID WITH THE FAVERSHAM BLACKBIRD AND MALDON HENS.

During the recent German air-raids a sparrow was killed at Lowestoft, two hens at Maldon, and a blackbird at Faversham.—The Sultan of Turkey has been awarded the Iron Cross, which was handed to him by Von der Goltz. "The Sketch" anticipated this when it published the above drawing with the title: "I wonder—what did

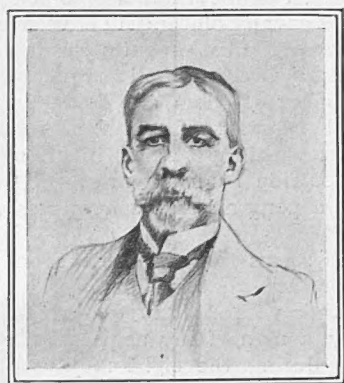


THE SULTAN OF TURKEY—FOR RECOGNISING THAT THE SUEZ "CROSS" IS A HARDER BIT OF STUFF THAN THE IRON CROSS.



LORD DERBY—FOR INSTITUTING A NEW TYPE OF "BIRKENHEAD DRILL"—AMONG THE LIVERPOOL DOCKERS.

William mean when he said: 'If you get to the other side, you'll get a Cross?'—Lord Derby has taken the lead in establishing the Dockers' Battalion at Liverpool, and recently inspected them at their first drill. Both he and the men wear khaki.—[Photographs by Topical and L.N.A.]



GENERAL VON BERNHARDI—FOR BEING MISTRANSLATED AND DESERVING TO BE TRANSLATED AMONG THE (NORMAN) ANGELLS!

Interviewed recently, General von Bernhardt said that he was not a militarist, and had never advocated war for war's sake, or an aggressive German policy against Great Britain; any ideas to the contrary were due to mistranslation of his books.—Major C. H. Foulkes, D.S.O., of the Royal Engineers, has been made by President Poincaré a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour for his distinguished services in the war.—Mr. Oliver D. Filley, the famous American oarsman and Captain of the Harvard crew,



MAJOR C. H. FOULKES, R.E.—FOR ADDING THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR TO HIS D.S.O.



MR. OLIVER D. FILLEY—FOR REPRESENTING HARVARD IN A GRAND CHALLENGE OF THE AIR—AGAINST GERMANY.

has joined the British Flying Corps. Hundreds of Americans are fighting as volunteers for the Allies.—Describing her experiences when a Zeppelin recently dropped bombs near her home, Henham Hall, Lady Stradbroke is reported to have said: "I thought the Germans were actually in the park making flares to guide the hostile aircraft. . . . I rushed inside, threw on my best black velvet dress, and my best jewellery. I wanted to receive them in my best clothes."—[Photographs by Record Press, and Lafayette.]



LADY STRADBROKE—FOR SETTING THE BLACK-VELVET-AND-JEWELLERY FASHION FOR RECEIVING GERMAN RAIDERS.

LITTLE WILLIE IMITATING BIG WILLIE! A ROYAL PAINTING.



A PASTEL BY THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE: "A MAN OF MY GUARD—RESERVE INFANTRY REGIMENT No. 98."

Little Willie, otherwise Wilhelm Kronprinz, son and heir of the German Emperor, is evidently bent on emulating his father's versatility; and, as a result, has produced the pastel reproduced on this page from the German paper in which it was given in colours. On the page facing the portrait in the

paper in question appears, in the Crown Prince's writing and, of course, in German, a note which may be translated as follows: "We stand firm at our post, weapons in hand. In the West and the East; Many enemies, much honour.—WILLIAM, CROWN PRINCE.—Commander of the Fifth Army."

IRELAND; AND EGGS: STATE ENTRY; GIFTS FOR WOUNDED.

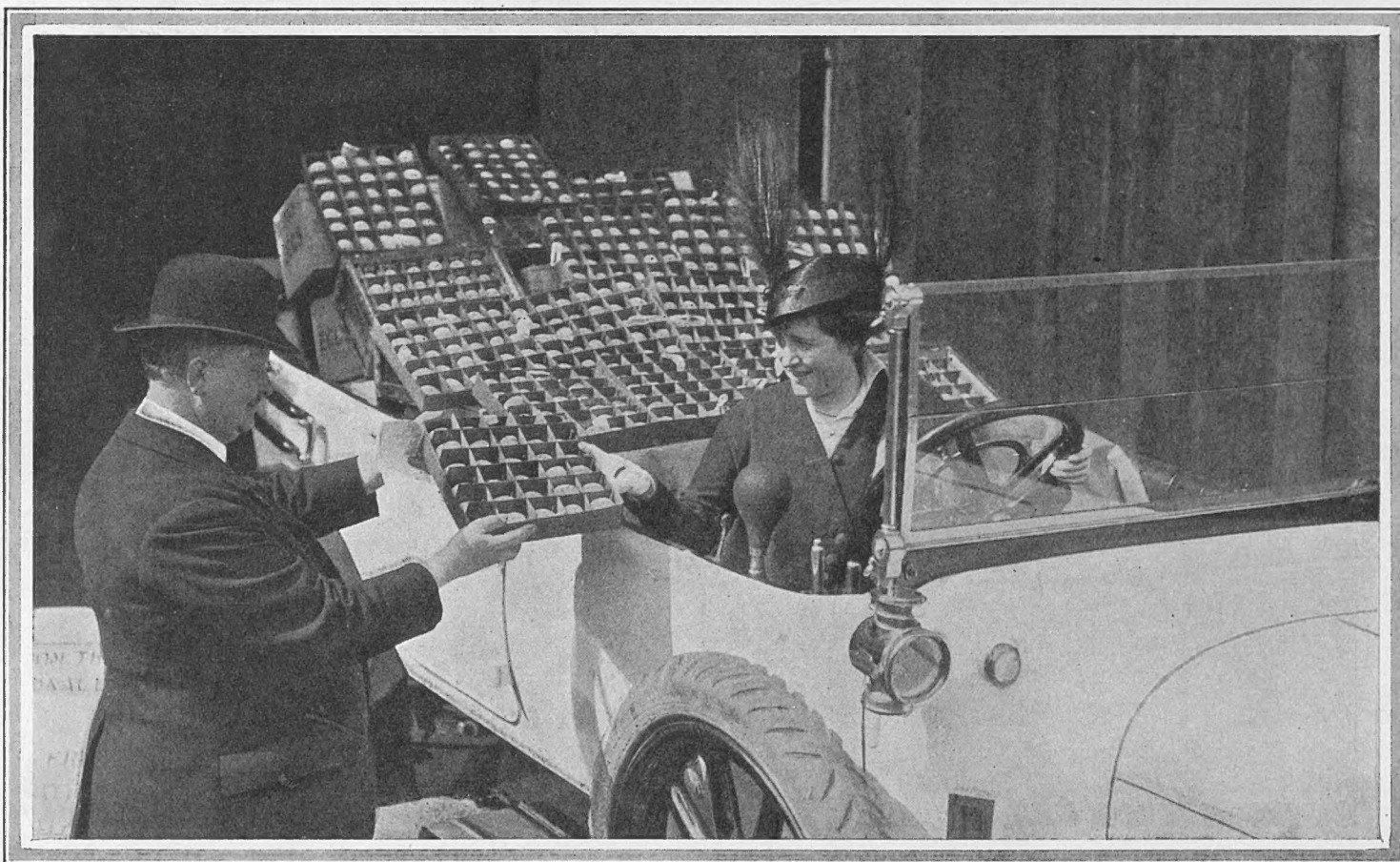


IN THE LAND GERMANY PRETENDS TO LOVE SO MUCH! LADY WIMBORNE, WIFE OF THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT, DURING HER HUSBAND'S STATE ENTRY INTO DUBLIN.

Lord Wimborne made his State entry into Dublin as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland last week. The streets were full of people of all classes, and the cheering was continuous. If any proof were needed, no better sign of the loyalty of Ireland could be given than this. In the course of a speech, Lord Wimborne said: "I pray with you for an early and successful issue to the life struggle in which we are at present engaged,

and I am happy to think that none have contributed more whole-heartedly to that end than the brave Irish soldiers and sailors who have answered their country's call in the hour of need, and have shed their blood in the just cause for which we and our Allies are fighting." Her Excellency was, before her marriage, which took place in 1902, the Hon. Alice Katherine Sibell Grosvenor, and she is the younger daughter of Lord Ebury.

Photograph by Chancellor.



A FRAGILE CAR-LOAD FOR THE WOUNDED: LADY MONSON CONVEYING A CONSIGNMENT OF EGGS.

Wounded and sick soldiers in this country call for some 200,000 eggs a week. In connection with the collection and conveyance of these, Lady Monson is an enthusiastic worker. Her Ladyship is the daughter of the late General Roy Stone, of Mendham, New Jersey, U.S.A., and widow of Mr. Lawrence Turnure, of New York.

She has a son, born in February 1907. Her husband, who is the ninth Baron and a Baronet, has had experience in diplomatic work. In 1900 he was appointed Assistant-Comptroller of the Household and Equerry to the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh).—[*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*]

A FLOWER-SHOW SKULL: EXHIBITED BY A "HEAD" GARDENER?



A CHIEF'S SKULL WITH THE "SPIRIT OF THE CHIEF" GROWING FROM IT: A MOTH ORCHID (PHALAENOPSIS SCHILLERIANA) STRANGELY PLANTED; AND TO BE SEEN IN NEW YORK.

A correspondent writes: "One of the most interesting exhibits at the International Flower Show at Grand Central Palace, New York, is a moth orchid growing in a human skull. A rather curious story accompanies the exhibit. The skull is that of an old-time chief of the Philippine Islands, who was murdered forty years ago by Guanu, a Suriago chief, for stealing one of the latter's wives. Guanu kept the skull as a trophy until his death, when it was placed upon his grave. An orchid took root, and as the

flower bloomed it was zealously guarded by the natives, who thought the orchid was the spirit of their chief. In the year 1902, a traveller passing through the village saw the freak, obtained it from the natives, and sent it to a florist of Rutherford, N.J. Note how the expansion of the roots has caused the frontal bone to crack. The roots extend down through the skull and can be seen through the nasal cavity and beneath the jaw. The flower has bloomed regularly since brought to the United States."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



LADY HAMILTON.

THROUGH rumours of appointments and resignations, the wives hold their peace. Their letters to the papers are all discretion. Gossip gives a great General a transfer and at least two successors almost before we know he is abroad; but his womenfolk, the while, are concerned only with woollies or widows. Lady Smith-Dorrien is intent on little canvas bags for holding the miscellanies of a wounded soldier's pockets when he is put to bed and his uniform burned; Lady Jellicoe has her arms full of rain-proof boots and illustrated magazines. You cannot betray either or any of these ladies into divulging the things that are in the least interesting about the North Sea or Northern France. Will Lady Hamilton, who is not so securely hidden behind mufflers and tinned comforts, be equally discreet? She, like her husband, is a figure of romance; she inspires curiosity. And now that Sir Ian, a new crusader, has departed—only Heaven, the War Office, and Lady Hamilton know whither—she must verily fly from town if she would keep her secret.

Still the Portrait
of the Year.

Sargent
painted
her—

and her accessories. One of these was the white satin dress whose sheen shall never fade. The Sargent chair, a delight in itself, seemed carried into new etherealness by the sitter; and the pearls, which she decked, were the most picked row of all in the Sargent paint-box, the oyster he alone opens. In that lovely portrait the painter achieved more than a personal record—he commemorated a type—and let Scotland listen and rejoice. For Lady Hamilton was born Jean, daughter of Sir John Muir, great in Glasgow; and it is twenty-eight years since she married another Scot—Sir Ian. Since London is the lure—and, indeed, would hardly be London at all if it had no Hamiltons in it—let the natural pieties be linked up by the fact that, at whatever post of daring the General may now be, Lady Hamilton herself, faithful to old ties, made her Easter in Scotland.

In and Out of
Park Lane.

When, a
few years
ago, she

went a-house-hunting in London, Sir Ian, the story runs (and there's no house taken without a story of sorts), made only one proviso, and a modest one at that: "Let it be anywhere, I don't care where, so long as it's not in Park Lane." And straightway the lady took No. 6, Seamore Place: a distinction without a difference—and certainly a very great distinction. For Seamore Place is in Park Lane, but with a kind of haughty contempt—the Lane shall be its back-door, the Park its back-garden. The very houses themselves, like Sir Ian, seemed in Park Lane under protest: and so there was peace between the man and his dwelling-place; while all the time the lady, favoured by circumstance, had her splendid way. When you enter that blind alley you "see more" than you anticipate. The eyes of the houses look out westward the other way. You see the world, its wife, and its daughter. On the entrance side you see nothing. The approach

is all discretion. You do not even see the ghost of Lady Blessington, though you think you should. Even her ghost is bygone.

Barbarous and
Beautiful.

A year ago the Hamiltons flitted further west. They left the perennial policemen still playing guardian angel at Alfred de Rothschild's door, and they found themselves in palatial No. 1, Hyde Park Gardens. To that address, with far rumours of Philistia in the sound of it, the Hamiltons brought their romance with them. The outer aspect of the house is as misleading in one way as was the Seamore Place house in another. The steps leading up to the hall are the design of Roger Fry. They are a

hint, however, which does nothing to spoil the splendid surprises of the interior, the great spaces of stone, the glorious barbarities of colour, the sense of mystery that finds its way even into the homeliness of a cup of afternoon tea. All is large and elemental, and yet feminine. The mistress of the house has mostly been her own designer and decorator, and No. 1, Hyde Park Gardens is unique. It is at once daring and domestic. Everything is pat, though nothing according to pattern. The Arabian Nights' Tales can at last be told in a London setting.

Eyes and
Silence.

As an on-
looker in
the Russo-

Japanese War, Sir Ian had the advantage. When polite and communicative Staff Officers (Sir Ian is a man to draw all confidence) took him round the corpse-strewn battle-fields, he could say, within himself, "It would have been better had this point been earlier abandoned, wiser had these guns been better masked." He never forwent that most instructive exercise—an honest mental examination of what action he would have taken under similar conditions. And if he sometimes fancied himself a potential conqueror, he had humour enough and to spare not to say so. One thing he did not refrain from talking about when he got home was his admiration of the Japanese Army. "He'd like us better if we were a bit yellarer and

shorter," mused an Aldershot sergeant to whom came word of the new exactions and criticisms Sir Ian brought back with him.

Her Fortune.

Lady Hamilton knows books as well as pictures and people. Perhaps to be so much observed favours your becoming yourself an observer. What she does not see and hear can be left out of current social and pictorial and literary history without any misses that are also miles. Even among little things she is alert—nothing goes by unrecognised that gives or takes in the fostering. That is her great fortune. Of her own gifts, only two need here be notoriously summed up. She has given a great painter a great opportunity. She has given a great and sensitive soldier the final secret and sanity of all soldiering—a hearth that is a shrine.



LADY HAMILTON, WIFE OF GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON.

Lady Hamilton, wife of General Sir Ian Standish Monteith Hamilton, G.C.B., D.S.O., was, before her marriage, Miss Jean Miller Muir, daughter of the late Sir John Muir, first Baronet, and sister of the present Baronet, Sir (Alexander) Kay Muir. Lady Hamilton was married to Sir Ian in 1887.

From the Painting by J. S. Sargent, R.A.

CONCERNING PEOPLE: SNAPSHOTS OF MOMENT.



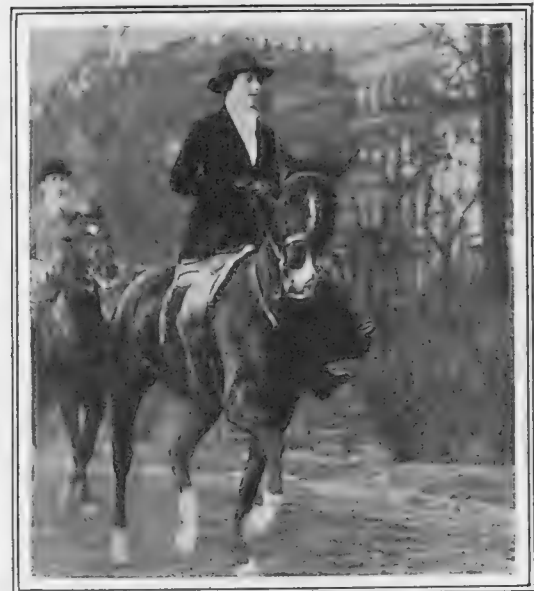
A VISITOR TO THE RED CROSS SALE AT CHRISTIE'S:
LADY NORTHCLIFFE.



PRISONER AT DONINGTON HALL:
HERR FROITZHEIM.



NESTING ON THE MANTELPIECE: A ROBIN IN A LITTLE
GIRL'S BEDROOM, AT GIDEA PARK.



RIDING IN NEW YORK: MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR,
WIDOW OF COLONEL J. J. ASTOR.



A MEMBER OF THE KING'S BODYGUARD FOR SCOTLAND AND HIS WIFE,
IN HYDE PARK. SIR DUNCAN AND LADY HAY.



INTERESTED IN ONE OF THE PLAYERS' CROSSE: THE SUFFRAGAN BISHOP OF BUCKINGHAM AT A
LACROSSE MATCH FOR WAR FUNDS—AN ENGLISH LADIES' TEAM VERSUS ROEDEAN SCHOOL.



A VISITOR TO THE RED CROSS SALE:
LADY LEONFIELD.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1888, Lady Northcliffe, wife of the principal proprietor of the "Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Evening News," and many other publications, was known as Miss Mary Elizabeth Milner, and she is the daughter of Mr. Robert Milner, of Kidlington, Oxford, and St. Vincent, West Indies.—The Berlin "Zeitung am Mittag" has just published a letter from London describing a visit to the famous German lawn-tennis player, Herr Froitzheim, who is a prisoner at Donington Hall. Tea was served during the visit by a German waiter: "One can have everything, just as in an hotel. There is also a splendid bar. . . . They were playing squash racquets. There is also football, hockey, and lawn-tennis every day, when

the weather allows." The accuracy of this has been denied.—Mrs. John Jacob Astor's husband was drowned in the "Titanic" disaster.—Sir Duncan Hay, the tenth Baronet, is a member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, and owns about ten thousand acres. He was born in 1882. Lady Hay was Miss Caroline Margaret Cunard, and is the daughter of Sir Edward Cunard, second Baronet.—The Suffragan Bishop of Buckingham is the Right Rev. Edward Dommett Shaw. He is much interested in sports and gives as his recreations, "Oxford University Association Football Eleven and Cricket Eleven, Herts and Bucks County Cricket Eleven."—Lady Leonfield is a daughter of Colonel Richard Hamilton Rawson, M.P. Her marriage took place in 1911.

Photographs by Topical, S. and G., Illustrations Bureau, and C.N.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

LORD HEADFORT, who was said by his friends to have given soldiering the Boote after his marriage, has returned to the Army as a Lieutenant. Though he has a son, Lord Bective, who is now thirteen, he does not rank in looks among the elderly who when they go to order a uniform are politely asked "Captain or Major?" and have to reply "Lieutenant"—and sometimes a "Second" at that! A census of men of forty who have accepted this junior rank might reckon as not least among the minor sacrifices men have been willing to make, and to make without a grumble, in time of war. It goes among wits at the War Office by the name of Fortytude.

Tea in the Trenches.

ENGAGED TO LIEUT. - COL. G. H. S. BROWNE: MRS. EVELYN BERTHA LAMBKIN. Mrs. Lambkin, whose engagement to Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. S. Browne, elder son of Bishop G. F. Browne, is announced, is the widow of Colonel F. J. Lambkin, and daughter of the late Major H. R. Mitford and Mrs. Mitford, The Hollies, Winchester.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

Belgravian hostess, "such tea as you never enjoy in the Square"! Here, at home, we are merely wondering whether Lord Rosebery, say, who accustomed himself to claret at breakfast in student days, is going to fall in with the royal example, and whether Mrs. Asquith is going to prove a model hostess. There, at the place that counts, coffee or tea suffices as a beverage, and topic.

Here are Ladies. Lady Headfort, Lady Airlie, and Lady Mayo have all done the Irish crossing within the week; and Lady Mayo's was the double journey. She went to Kildare for the Women's National Health Congress, and, promising to be back in London within ten days, kept her word. Lady Gormanston likewise made the journey to Ireland; while her mother, Lady Butler, is about to cross to England to conclude arrangements for her Waterloo Centenary exhibition. In other words, our women-folk have not grown nervous of the sea. They may still dislike a tossing, but they risk it.

You have only to watch the departing 2.40 boat-express from Euston to know that von Tirpitz counts for nothing on the Irish line.

At Christie's. Lady Wernher was the heroine of the first week of the Red Cross Sale; nor does she drop out of the long catalogue till near the very end. Her gifts, scattered up and down, were too well chosen, both when she got them and when she gave them, to fall flat. She did not humbug herself into putting the wrong values on her possessions for the purposes of the sale; while other people were confident that their rubbish would go well, she went about in her capable way to choose the things that, Red Cross

or no Red Cross, would command a certain price. Lady Wernher, whom Sir Julius thought capable of managing a million of money and more—and he was a good judge—is, in fact, an alert woman with a keen sense of values, both in china and human nature.

The Lady Bidder. Mrs. J. J. Astor had the courage of her opinions at Christie's. She is one of the few of her sex and set who back a preference beyond the sum of fifty pounds. In her bargains she is not overawed by those plain-clothes policemen of the collecting world—the dealers. She has much in hand at the moment, besides this adding to her possessions by way of King Street. One of her absorbing interests is the American Field Hospital, for which she has turned her town house into a sort of counting-house and clearing office.

The Plain Dealer.

Ladies', or trinket, day at the great sale brought with it the maximum of courage to fair bidders; but even then the top-hatted gentry of the trade had the great majority of lots knocked down to them. The superiority of the professional, usually backed by commissions and self-assurance, is somewhat deterring to the amateur on such occasions. Women go to bid, but end by watching the things they want fall, for less than they would give, to the unperturbed Amors and Andrades of St. James's Street and the neighbourhood. This fluttering hesitation, ending in misses, is no fault of the all-seeing Mr. Hannen, whose bland eye is just as willing to linger on the fairer figures round the rostrum as on those of the plain dealers. With his partner (whose expression, by the way, is exactly his own), Mr. Hannen has created the character of the ideal auctioneer. It is difficult to describe the finish, and finesse, of manner he has fitted to his task, for it is not quite the manner of any other professional man in the world. The droop of the eyelids, somebody said the other day, is very like the Lord Chief Justice's. We agree; only the King Street L.C.J. is a trifle more blasé. Perhaps, if Lord Reading presided over the Divorce Court, the likeness might be complete.

A Club from the Carlton.

Mr. Ronald McNeill, whose letter from the Carlton Club draws attention to one of the distressing side-issues of the war, is a man

with character—and a temper! The fine swinging style of the letter comes of long practice: he was editor of an evening newspaper for several years. The temper, too, has had its days of rather rash apprenticeship. Even long devotion to cricket—he played for Harrow and is a member of the M.C.C.—has not tamed the fiery fighter who once threw a book, with a bowler's accuracy, at the head of Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons.



A PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S EMERGENCY CORPS: THE COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY.

The Countess of Malmesbury, who is acting as President of the Bournemouth Branch of the Women's Emergency Corps, is the wife of the fifth Earl, to whom she was married in 1905. Lady Malmesbury, who has a son and a daughter, was, before her marriage, the Hon. Dorothy Gough-Calthorpe, youngest daughter of the sixth Baron Calthorpe, and has the Order of Mercy.

Photograph by Debenham and Gould.



ENGAGED TO MR. TRISTRAM BERESFORD HART: THE HON. VIVIEN PARKER.

The Hon. Vivien Parker is the eldest daughter of Baron Parker of Waddington, and Lady Parker of Waddington, of Aldworth, Haslemere. Mr. Hart is the second son of the late George Vaughan Hart, K.C., and Mrs. Hart, of Howth, Co. Dublin.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MISS A. P. ADAMSON: MAJOR J. H. W. BECKE. Major Becke is the eldest son of the late Rev. J. H. Becke, of Beckingham, Lincoln, and is in the Sherwood Foresters and the Royal Flying Corps.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR J. H. W. BECKE: MISS ANNIE PETO ADAMSON.

Miss Adamson, whose engagement is announced, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adamson, of Careston Castle, Forfarshire, N.B.

Photograph by Swaine.

A VERY MUCH DISCUSSED PAINTING: "ELINOR GLYN."



THE AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS": MRS. CLAYTON GLYN—A PORTRAIT IN WHICH HER RED HAIR IS SEEN TO PERFECTION, AND IN WHICH SHE IS SHOWN DRESSED IN VIVID BLUE.

This remarkably interesting painting by Mr. Philip A. Laszlo, which has caused considerable discussion, is on exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, among the pictures shown by the National Portrait Society. It is of "Elinor Glyn," the novelist, who is best known, perhaps, by her "Three Weeks"; although she has written many other popular books, including "The Visits of Elizabeth," "The Vicissitudes of

Evangeline," "The Reason Why," "The Sequence," and "Letters to Caroline." In private life, "Elinor Glyn" is known as Mrs. Clayton Glyn. Her marriage to Mr. Clayton Glyn, J.P., of Durrington House, and Sheering, Harlow, Essex, took place in 1892. She is a daughter of the late Douglas Sutherland, of Toronto. Mrs. Glyn's beautiful red hair is seen to perfection in the painting; and she wears a vivid blue dress.

From the Painting by Philip A. Laszlo.



SOME UNCLE—AND HERO—WORSHIP.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

"DO come and feed with me," said the baby "sub." with the bad knee in the stately King's English they teach them at the 'Varsities.

"Can't," I said; "lunching with Uncle."

"Dinner, then," he suggested, tugging not very hard at a new-born tooth-brush-that-needs-replacing kind of moustache.

"Can't," I said; "won't have time to dine properly—going to the theatre with Uncle."

"Supper, then," sobbed the baby sub. "I say, look here, surely you can spare me a few crumbs towards the evening."

"Uncle promised me," I said, "he would, if I were good, take me to see Sir Herbert Tree peeling off his eyebrows, and then sup all together."

"All right. Rotten luck, that's all. It's the early worm that catches the bird."

"Look here," I stamped, "don't you talk like this about Uncle!"

"Brehker, perhaps—let's arrange a breakfast party to-morrow morning!"

"Can't," I said. "You see, Uncle is leaving to-morrow, and I want to see him off at the station, or, if I can't get up, 'phone him just before he goes—in these dreadful days one can't make too tender or too many last recommendations to travellers. It is so rash of Uncle to go to and fro like this: I want him to be very careful in case a Zeppelin should torpedo his submarine or something. If Uncle . . ."

The baby sub said something under his baby bristles that sounded like "D . . . ear Uncle!" and we parted coldly.

The same evening he collided against Uncle and me as we were leaving the Carlton, and while Uncle was looking for his hat. "Oh, why," said the baby sub., "have you been pulling my leg?" "I haven't," I shrugged. "'Speak of Culture,' as Mme. Réjane would say, why, don't you know my Uncle Percival, our Uncle Universal?" Upon which I gave him a "lecker," to use his own vernacular, and, to punish him, sent him away without bringing him up to Uncle. I had not told you this, Raphael, had I? But, then, you never give me a chance to speak—you make me laugh all the time! And have I ever told you a little true story about you that amused many of us in Paris? She was a little Belgian actress, very young, very simple, very pretty, and you had advised her and befriended her, and—her little blonde head was full of you. One day I went with her to a photographer and helped her to dispose draperies over her head—and off her shoulders—told her on which of her cheeks was her best dimple, and generally worried her into an adorably tired mood. "Ma petite," I said, "you are exquisite now—you keep like this"; and to the photographer, "Does not she look like a painting by Raphael?" The little bothered beauty woke up suddenly. "Raphael?" she cried. "I never knew he painted! Fancy writing like that, and talking like that, and now he paints, you say!"

And speaking of uncles reminds me of aunts—and that I am one! And that it is not at all a soft job when your niece is called Germaine—the Imp—and that she remembers me when I had long legs and short skirts and inky fingers. All this I still have—but I use the pumice-stone. Hero-worship in Germaine has been added to the martyrdom of Aunt Martouche! I make you judge, amiable

reader. To-day is a typical London day—that is to say, it is pouring: it's a day for muffins and a log and the making it up with the baby subaltern. What does Germaine want me to do? Where does she want me to go? You'd never guess—the Wallace Collection! Yes; to see whether the miniature of Charles II. is really like Fred Terry in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury"! By the time this talk is spread over your tea-table the dear old drama will be off the bill, but until then Germaine will go again and again to watch the charming Charles taking snuff, turning on his red heels, caressing his spaniel, and snubbing old Jeffreys with the same delight, and wherever Germaine goes I, in an exaggerated sense of responsibility, have to go. Now, I admire Mr. Fred Terry and his

beautiful and charming wife on and off the stage most immensely, but there are a few other plays I would also like to see; and from the 22nd onward, when "The Argyll Case" is produced at the Strand Theatre, I foresee that my niece and I will be steeped in crime and crockery and be Terry-fied several nights a week. In vain have I cultivated avuncular authority (is that the right word, or does it apply only to uncles?); in vain have I bought photographs of other stage favourites, from beautiful Bertram Wallis to the long Morton; in vain have I produced page after page of printed aviators, Admirals, Generals, down to Lieutenants! "Switch your thoughts to soldiers," said I. But Germaine refuses to switch! In vain do I take her to see film after film of cowboys brandishing revolvers on bucking horses. As every nice, normal girl does, she used to dote on cowboys; now they lack manners, ruffles, beribboned shoes, wig, wit, and a voice "warm and unctuous like the wine of my country." She has it badly, poor Imp; it is Terryble! And though she pinches my arms and squashes my toes at each entrance, exit, and effective "business" of the Swarthy King, I have not to look very much backward to remember the pains and pangs of hero-worship, and I can sympathise.

My first hero was a matador, the Matador Minuto—a diminutive Spaniard, slim and shiny, a resplendent statuette of gold, ebony, and ivory. He had many pompons, flashing teeth, and thirty-two jewels, and a sword as tall as himself. He could kill six *toros* with the same set smile. I did not see it done,

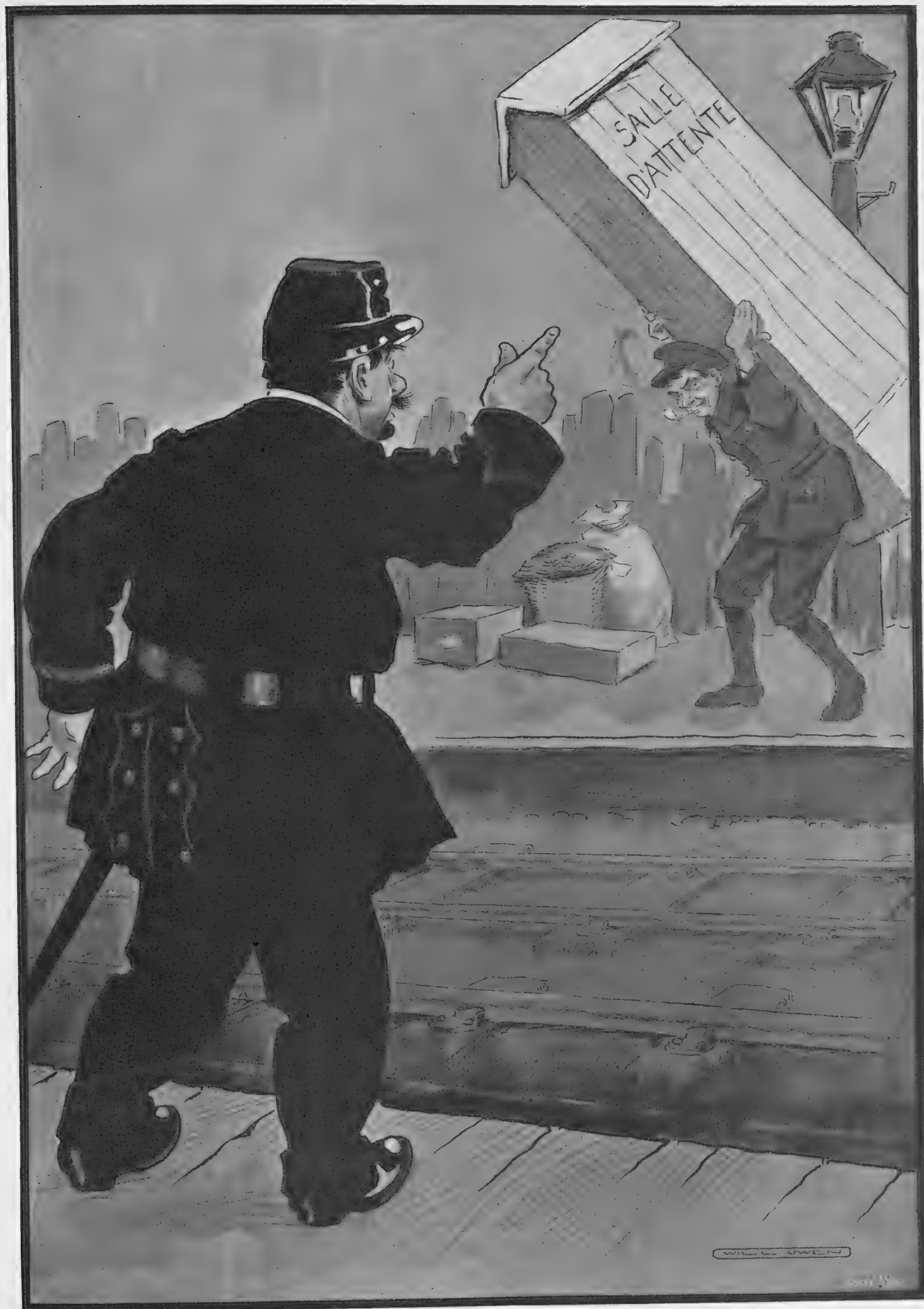
though, for they took me away fainting after the first bull's death. I cut his photograph out of a newspaper and stuck it on the wall of my room between a picture of Ste. Marthe and a portrait of Verlaine. I was fourteen and he was forty. I never had a glimpse of him after that first apparition—a yellow glitter like a sun-spot in the arena. I thought of him sometimes. I liked to fancy him dying gloriously, thrown skyward on the horns of a black bull, to the clamour of a brass band; or, again, I pictured him languishing away, sad and sunless, in the castle of some Northern Princess who had fallen in love with him and taken him home in her hand-bag. A married Minuto! Those musings were melancholy. Then, several years after, on a trip to Spain, we stopped at a little laughing country inn, and under a vine-shaded *tonnelle* a very greasy and very spicy, but on the whole quite palatable, luncheon was served us by the rotund, ready-witted proprietor, a Sancho Panza of a man with a white apron round his wide waist—yes, it was . . . Minuto!



TWO PRETTY LITTLE COUSINS: VISCOUNT MOORE AND MISS HELEN MONCRIEFF-SKENE.

Little Viscount Moore, whose fifth birthday will be on April 23, is the only son of the tenth Earl of Drogheda, who married Miss Kathleen Pelham Burn in 1909. Miss Helen Moncrieff-Skene is his cousin, and is the daughter of Captain Moncrieff-Skene, Black Watch, the well-known golfer.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

HIS TAKING WAY.



THE FRENCH RAILWAY-STATION OFFICIAL: Hi! Tommee! Vot you doin' vld dat?
 TOMMY: It's all right! Found it on the up platform—jest do for my dug-out.
 THE OFFICIAL: Mon Dieu! It ees not all right. Dat is our vaiting-room!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE BREAK.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE Sergeant was a grim, Lacedæmonian, and tactless creature. He stood at the break of the barn-door with the Captain, telling him how he had run out of electricians: they had all been murdered by snipers.

"The blighters do it on purpose," said the Sergeant. "They cuts the bloomin' wire, and then 'angs about until our chappie comes along to connect up. Then they pips him mutton-dead. They 've done all my chaps in—all."

Gilbert Pugh considered the Sergeant the Silver Medal idiot of his kind. There were seventeen men of the Engineers in the barn. Only one of them was an electrician. His name was Gilbert Pugh. The Captain was a patient and adamant creature. He knew his sergeant, just as he knew all the facts the Sergeant told him. He also knew that, in spite of those facts, the thing was going to be done.

"Well, you 've got your facts," he said calmly. "The break is over by the beech-coppice beyond Point No. 328, as far as one can say." (Gilbert Pugh felt his chest grow clammy. He knew that beech-coppice—every man in the Engineers knew it. He knew exactly how many electricians had gone there and not come back on their feet.) "That break must be mended as soon as possible. We've got to be able to telephone to the fire-trench 'listener' before dawn gets up."

The Sergeant was saluting before the *barrage* of his speech could be broken again. The Captain was a tactician as well as a student of sergeant nature.

As the officer left, the Sergeant swung about and came into the barn. Gilbert Pugh was already fumbling for his wiring-kit and his rifle in the thick gloom the muffled siege-light failed to dissipate. Gilbert Pugh wanted to get out on his job quickly. He did not want the Sergeant to talk to him. Somewhere within him, he knew, was a thing that would swell enormously in his chest, rise to his throat, and strangle him at the slightest excuse. If the Sergeant told him how many men had been killed by that beech-coppice beyond Point No. 328 the fearful something would get hold of him and he would collapse. He was not strong enough or hard enough to fight it down. The Sergeant, of course, would talk of the dead men if he got the slightest chance. He was a good soldier, he meant no harm, but his mind was built that way. He was a grave-worm eloquent before his time.

So, as the Sergeant's head came blocking darkly against the blue-black of the night, as the Sergeant's voice began to call for Gilbert Pugh, Gilbert Pugh stood before him.

"Oh," said the Sergeant, "'ere you are, then. The line's broke beyond Point No.—"

"I heard," said Pugh, and he wondered if the Sergeant caught the ridge in his voice. "It's a surface cable, isn't it?" He knew it was a surface cable, but he wanted to bludgeon the Sergeant with speech.

"Yep," said the non-com. "But you've got to be careful. If I know anything, it is one of them blighters who has cut the wire again. He'll try to get you as he got Johnson—"

Gilbert Pugh felt that standing still was fatal. He burst out—

"I know—I know. I've got a full clip in my magazine, and I'll pump off the lot at a shadow of a man. I've got my wiring-kit, too. It must be done before dawn, the Captain said—I'd better get along."

Somehow he got along. The Sergeant's voice followed him, wreathing a maze of instructions in the air. Gilbert Pugh heard

them all and apprehended not one of them. He felt that his heart was beating oddly. Now and then, like a propeller that lifts from a rough sea, it raced and shook him with its excessive energy. He also felt vacant in the pit of his stomach, as he had felt when, as a boy, he had prepared to plunge into a cold swimming-pool.

Gilbert Pugh walked forward with all the springlessness of an automaton. His instinct and his memory, rather than his will, took him over the dead ground behind the lines and carried him safely round the shell-pits in the road. His heart had ceased to race, but then his animate being had also ceased to exist. He was a vacant creature walking forward in a vacuum, and as he walked he strenuously refused to think.

The land was as dark as lampless and moonless country at home, but he could see ahead the wet shine of caisson-gouged and rutty roads, and he felt his way along that. Before him was the dark blanket of the night, across which at odd intervals sparks, like the sparks in the cinder of burnt paper, moved into being and were gone; at the tail of the sparks there beat up the sharp rapping of rifle-firing coming and going in fluttering bursts. Now and then there jumped with a crash into the deep darkness the dazzling and electric incandescence of shrapnel, and in that inhuman light the trees, the ruins, the houses, the land, and the low hummocks of the trench-parapets stood out livid and flat and stark. Now and then, with a roar that beat and blunted its head against the sky, a high-power shell burst upward in its red rope of smoke and flame.

Gilbert Pugh ignored the shelling and the bursts of shooting. He was salted to them. It was when the single "spas-shat" of a lonely rifle struck out in the silence that he jibbed and winced. He knew what that single small-bore explosion meant. A human tiger had stalked his prey somewhere through the night—and had got him. The lonely rifle was the call of the sniper striking unexpectedly and stealthily out of the screening dark. . . . Perhaps that shot had struck down an electrician mending a break on another section of the great front. . . . Where did the bullet strike? How long did the pang last?—Gilbert Pugh was thinking.

He fell over a trip-wire and a sardine-box jangled faintly to the ground. At once, at this alarm, the bayonets of the supports picquets were glinting in the blackness before him, and a voice serrated with nerves was demanding the countersign. The countersign came out of the electrician before he had begun to wonder what it was: before he knew, he was explaining to a thick and astoundingly young officer what job he was on.

The young officer examined him steadily in the thin light of a bull's-eye torch, and Gilbert Pugh felt that he was being regarded as a man who had offered himself as a blood-sacrifice might be regarded. He felt that the officer was looking closely at a man whom he knew was going to his death. Gilbert Pugh's body and soul seemed to swim off into a dangerous and sickening vacancy for a flashing moment, then his heart revived warmly with a sudden and violent spasm of rebellion. He felt that he had been deliberately and spitefully chosen from out of cohorts of bean-fed men to go to his death in place of them all. All the same, he expressed thanks in an even voice when the officer called a corporal to conduct him through the muddy intricacies of the communication trenches just to that point where he must leave shelter behind and walk alone into the cold zone of sudden death.

The telephone cable had been cut in the dead ground between

[Continued overleaf.]

YOUR KING AND COUNTRY DO NOT WANT · YOU !



THE HABITUAL LOAFER : W'y ain't I enlisted ? Wot am I waitin' for ? I'm waitin' till they calls out the Land-Scum.

DRAWN BY M. BORLEY.

the fire-trench and the second, or main, trench. The fire-trench was a frail line of earth and ditch sprouting from a zig-zag sap 400 yards in advance of the second line. It was the sensitive nerve that gave the alarm to the army. The outposts were in it, and the artillery observation officer of the day used it so that the gun-fire might be properly and amply directed against the enemy's position before the works. The 400 yards of land between this, the most advanced trench, and the second was broken; it was full of ditches and gullies, bushes and the tumbled ruins of shell-punched houses, and it was bearded here and there with mangy woods. The broken ground made signalling by hand almost impossible for the fire-trench, and it made the telephone vitally necessary.

But the broken ground also made it easy for the enemy's snipers to get between the lines and cut the cable. Daring men, making use of every bit of cover, had done this time after time. The direction of the cable had been changed often enough, but it was never long before the creeping and stealthy rifleman had found it again, and it was cut. The reasons for cutting it were twofold. It disconnected and paralysed the work of the fire-trench, and it forced men to come out and find and mend the break. The sniper had the range of the break to an inch. When the repairing Engineer found it and began to connect up once more, the rifle from its cover spat, and the Engineer was dead. It was an old trick, a deadly trick: for the Engineer it was nearly always fatal.

Gilbert Pugh knew this particularly well. They had reached the point in the zig-zag trench where a howitzer shell had blown it in and closed it for yards. From there he must go out alone through the darkness to find the severed wire. The corporal halted at the damage that made the trench end.

"You can climb up here—the earth slopes. The beech-wood is about two hundred yards to the left. Be careful of the smashed cow-byre—he may be in that."

Gilbert Pugh went out into an illimitable vacancy, catching at his breath. The suffocating feeling got hold of him for a minute, and he had to fight it. It was difficult to breathe. He felt like a man having a shampoo, and being doused with too much cold water. He walked on all the same, clicking along over the black and invisible ground until it suddenly occurred to him that he was going forward too swiftly and too noisily. When he felt that he stopped abruptly, stood stock-still.

He stood listening. He seemed to be standing on the highest peak in the world, and in the rarefied air all about him was silence. He listened until his ears ached, but nothing moved. The world was holding its breath while it looked on at him—and the man waiting for him. Neither the rifles nor the guns fired, and Gilbert Pugh knew why. Two armies were straining their ears in his direction. They were waiting for the shot that would mean his end. There was no movement ahead of him, but that meant nothing. The electrician knew the man was there, and was ready for him. He wondered whether the fellow could see him.

He was half-doubled up, but now he fell prone, and he glanced back over his shoulder swiftly to see if his figure had not bulked against some sky-line. There was no sky-line, and he knew that he could not have been seen. But he took further precautions. He rubbed his hands in the black mud of the land and smeared that mud on his face. The sniper was not going to get even the elusive mark of a pale white blob in the darkness if he could help it.

As he worked with his face and hands he all but screamed and dug his chin lower into the ground. Somewhere behind him a shrapnel had split the air with its sharp crash, and he had been clutched with the fear, not of being hit, but of being seen. His soldier wits were better than his fears, however, and in the shell-burst's brief brightness his eyes were able to jerk a quick glance at the ground before him. He was able to pick out the line of stakes that marked the route of the cable, and that saved a lot of nerve-trying fumbling about by the aid of night-hidden landmarks. His glance even travelled beyond the cable-line to the beeches. He saw them petrified and blanched in the vivid light, but neither in them nor in the tumbled bricks and thatch of the cow-byre did he see the slightest sign of life. That did not matter—life was there with a rifle ready and in its hand.

The light of the shell was snuffed out by the bang, and after a moment the electrician went on. He had meant to trace the cable by a particular rain-water gully, but now he saw that there was a quicker way. He went forward in a number of tiny, stealthy, spasmodic runs, and after each run he stopped to listen and to quell the drumming that had taken possession of his body. At each halt nothing at all happened. He went on, it seemed, for hours, and just when he felt sure that he must turn back because he had passed the line of cable by some hundred yards his instep caught in a peg and he was all but thrown.

He remained here, on his belly, for an age, peering ahead into the darkness before he attempted to work. He would not begin because every next second should see something happen. When he did begin to work he laboured with enormous caution. He put his hands out and pulled on the cable first to the left and then to

the right. The left was firm, the right seemed to give a little as he strained. As he thought, he would have to travel deeper into that wilderness towards the fire-trench and towards the beech-coppice. He crawled forward heavily, feeling his directions with the cable as he went. As he crawled, a slow shelling went on all along the trench-fronts, sometimes before him, sometimes behind him. As each shell burst in flame he hugged the earth, trying to force his way into it so as not to be seen.

The break was in front of the beech-coppice. He had known it all along: he accepted it dully. He lay on his stomach feeling the two ends of the wire, and he knew by the feel of them that a knife had caused the break. Somewhere before him in the stirring darkness of the trees was a man with a rifle ready to fire. Had he made too much noise? Had that man crouching in the darkness heard him, the electrician was thinking? Blood was drumming in his ears, at the base of his throat, and behind his temples. A bullet must now strike out at him every moment. Nothing happened.

Gilbert Pugh put his hand back along the ground, pulled his kit by slow and infinite degrees of motion to the level of his chin. He had already put his rifle down and ready within arm's-reach in the approved and regulation way, so, with his eyes fixed ahead on the curtain of blackness, he began to draw his tools out, began to work.

The head of his vulcanised-handled nippers slipped out of his hand and hit a stone with a small tap. The electrician ducked his head. It seemed that that noise must have roused a sleeping army. It must have aroused the stealthy, crouching, and alert rifleman. He heard with his over-keen ears a noise at the coppice-edge. He heard a board slip. It must come now.

Then the shell burst above him.

It was all over with the rapidity of a flickering photographic shutter. Above his head the sky burst for an instant into incandescent brightness. He saw all things hard and clear with appalling clarity: he saw the rigid filigree of the winter trees; he saw the jumbled litter of the ground; he saw the rioting debris of the cow-byre—and he saw the sniper!

He saw the man with a ghastly and violent distinctness. He was there, in line with him, almost on top of him. He saw the black circle of the rifle-muzzle swing a little as it fixed on his forehead, he saw the eye behind the sights, and the pale light of the shell shining on the clear surface of the ball. He saw the prone figure stiffen suddenly, concentrate. Then, with an enormous and horrible burst of sound, explosion—was it that of the shell or the rifle, or both?—overwhelmed him. A tremendous pang of blackness swept down on the world and on him: he was falling—falling and bursting.

"How it pains!" his soul screamed. "How the end pains!"

Darkness engulfed him for ever.

When the Sergeant brought the new electrician out in the grey and misty morning, he brought a stretcher pair of the Medical Corps too. They came upon Gilbert Pugh with his hands and chin buried in the mud.

"Poor blighter!" said the Sergeant. "They got 'im, then. I knew they would. But he died plucky—see, 'e was at work on the break when he was hit."

One of the Medicals was turning over the remains of Gilbert Pugh. He was a man with a just curiosity in these deaths. He hoped to finish the hospital course he had interrupted to enlist when the war was over. As he fumbled with Gilbert Pugh's body his face was puzzled.

"Hit," he said, "hit—this man hasn't been hit." He looked over the body carefully, as though afraid he had missed something. "If that beggar had hit him you couldn't miss the wound—he's not twenty yards away."

They looked at the "beggar." It was the sniper. He still lay as Gilbert Pugh's dying eyes had last seen him. He was prone, his rifle yet pointed straight at the dead electrician. He was quite dead, too.

"He must have hit him," said the Sergeant. "The man's dead, isn't he? A man doesn't die unless he's hit."

The ex-medical student looked at the agonised eyes of Gilbert Pugh's dead face.

"I don't know," he muttered. "Men die other ways."

He left the electrician's body, walked over to the dead sniper. There was a big wound in the sniper's head, at the back.

"Shrapnel," said the Medical man. "It struck from above down into the brain. Instantaneous."

"'E was able to kill young Pugh all right, anyhow," said the Sergeant.

"Was he?" said the Medical man. An idea occurred to him. He bent down to the dead sniper's rifle. With a quick twist he had the loading-bolt out. As he snicked it up and out a brass cartridge jerked free. It was not a spent cartridge, but a bulletted and unexpended cartridge. The cut-off was in, and the magazine had not been used.

The man who had killed Gilbert Pugh had never fired at him.

THE END.



THE MEN

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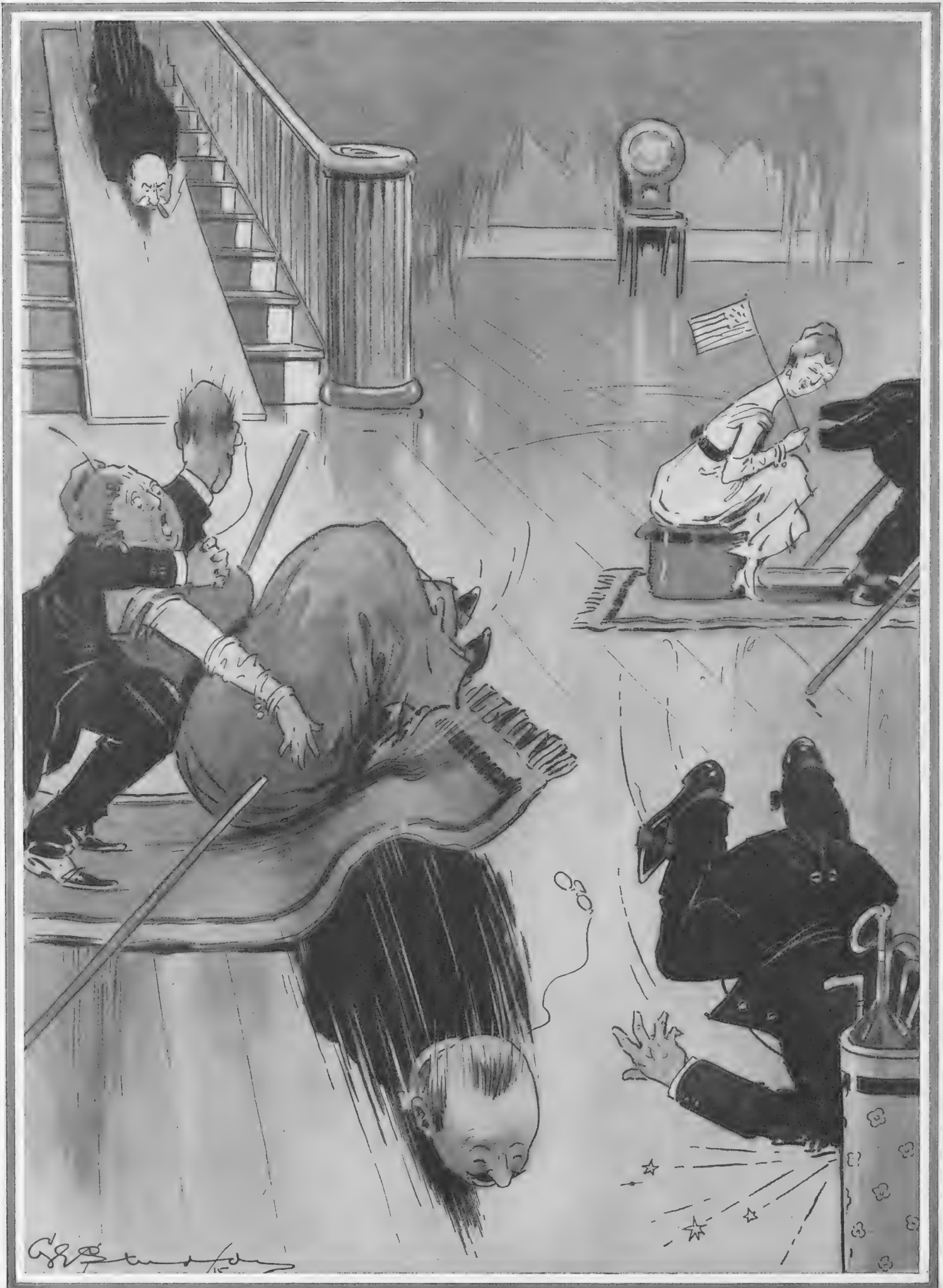
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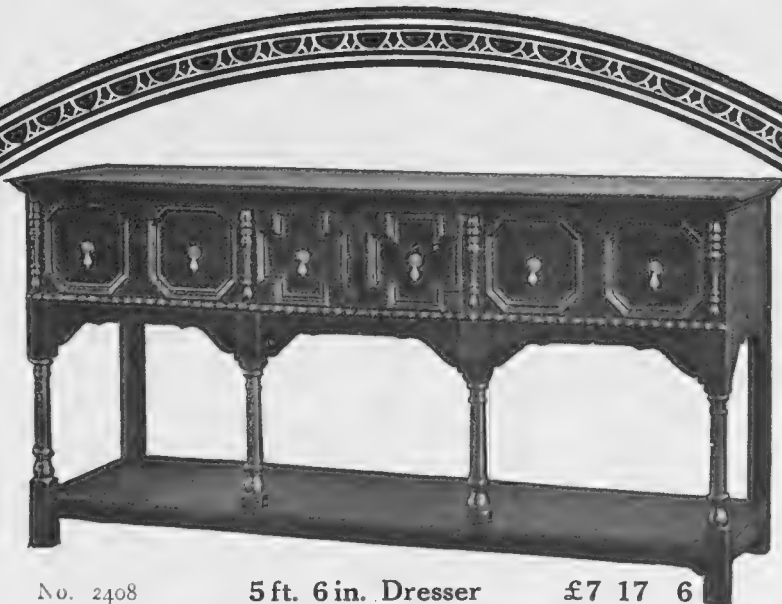


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WHEN is a Judge not a judge? When he is pronouncing upon his own lodgings, is the reply current in Pembroke-shire. The county did what it could for judicial accommodation when it secured Sir Charles Philipps's Haverfordwest house. What

justice misses in that establishment is a really easy chair and an orthodox bath-room. "What is good enough for Sir Charles is good enough for the Judges," is the loyal local logic. But there may conceivably be a flaw in that otherwise convincing formula. The Court may demand evidence that it is good enough for Sir Charles, who has at least been persuaded thus to let it. But who shall decide about comfort in furniture? There is the lady, for instance, who, when her second-footman insisted on enlisting, charged him with ingratitude, and recalled the amenities of the servants' quarters—"A waste-paper basket in every room!"

The Indispensable Chairwoman.

A giant journalist in one of Anthony Trollope's novels had rooms which were "furnished, if not with the splendour, with probably more than the comfort, of Stafford House." Stafford House, it seems, is a museum of antiques in literature as well as in life. For ladies long ago discovered that elegance and comfort are not alternative, and still less antagonistic, terms. The Stafford House of the Duchess Millicent—a rather later Stafford House than that of the mid-Victorian novelist—might be quoted as fatal to that cheap antithesis. Yet the London clubman is still a little suspicious that any

increase of beauty in his belongings may mean a sacrifice of his ease, and so expresses himself to any committee-man he can buttonhole in view of the "renovations" ahead this spring. Possibly, if Judges made a practice of taking their wives with them on circuit, all might yet be well even in "wild Wales." In the absence of Eve, Adam found even the delights of Paradise unendurable.

Diana and the Dardanelles.

Mrs. Winston Churchill, who is teaching Diana the geography of the war, takes a special interest in the Dardanelles. Her last visit to Constantinople was on Baron de Forest's yacht with her husband. Meanwhile, a new Churchill family interest attaches to the City of the Sultans, for the First Lord's first-cousin, Mr. Shane Leslie, has left London for the

Dardanelles for R.A.M.C. work. Other members of the famous Constantinople party may, in existing circumstances, have wondered, not unreasonably, if the trip had anything to do with an ambitious Lord of Admiralty's thirst for first-hand knowledge of interesting ground. Ladies enough—Mrs. F. E. Smith and Lady Gwendolen Cecil, as well as Mrs. Winston—were there to fly their colours in the face of suspicious guardians of the Porte. Mr. John Churchill was also of the party: he is now a Camp Commander at the front. Though a capable soldier, he is the least conspicuous of the brothers of conspicuous men. Lady Randolph sometimes takes his arm and lets him lead her through a crowd, but few people are able to place him on such occasions. He looks so much too soldierly to be Winston's brother.

The Chile Pickle.

During her residence in London Mrs. Edwards must have probed most of the possibilities of the Season. One of the most entertaining of women, she knows everybody and goes everywhere. A first-class diplomatic excitement was, possibly, the only form of entertainment missing from her well-filled programme. This, at last, was supplied when her husband signed Chile's "most energetic protest" against the sinking of the *Dresden*, and when Sir Edward Grey—the friendly Edward Grey of a hundred dinner parties—answered with Great Britain's profound apologies. As a rule, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards have been found interesting for themselves rather than for the—to the average Londoner—somewhat remote country they represent. But last week Chile came a few paces nearer: she was Chile with the chill off, thanks to the "most energetic protest" to which we have referred.

Stop It!

In a Home County the other day some Belgian refugees were invited to a high tea by Lady Blank. That lady loves to edify, and every departing guest that day was given a pocket Bible. On each title-page was written "God preserve you. From Lady Blank." The Belgians, not quite familiar with all the niceties of English punctuation and capitals, unluckily read the sentence continuously. There are cases in entertaining where ignorance is bliss, and in that of these refugee Belgians their unconscious humour added to the general gaiety.



TO MARRY SECOND-LIEUTENANT G. W. TAYLOR: MISS EFFIE WALKER.

Miss Walker is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Walker, of Cornwall Gardens, W., and Second-Lieutenant G. W. Taylor is in the Special Reserve, Royal Field Artillery.

Photograph by Bassano.

lope's novels had rooms which were "furnished, if not with the splendour, with probably more than the comfort, of Stafford House."



TO MARRY MISS GWENDOLINE PIGOTT CONANT: CAPTAIN F. DARCY GRIFFITH-JONES.

Captain Darcy Griffith-Jones is in the Army Service Corps, and is the son of the late Mr. Griffith-Jones, and of Mrs. Griffith-Jones, of North Warnborough House, Hants.

Photograph by Langfrier.

increase of beauty in his belongings may mean a sacrifice of his ease, and so expresses himself to any committee-man he can buttonhole in



TO MARRY CAPTAIN F. DARCY GRIFFITH-JONES: MISS GWENDOLINE PIGOTT CONANT.

Miss Conant is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pigott Conant, of Melbourne, and grand-daughter of the late Francis Pigott Conant, Governor of the Isle of Man.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY SECOND-LIEUTENANT ROBERT WEMYSS MUIR ARBUTHNOT: MISS MOLLY COGHILL.

Miss Coghill is the daughter of Mr. Norman Coghill, of Alington Hall, Market Drayton. Mr. Arbuthnot is the only son of the late Robert G. Arbuthnot and of Mrs. Arbuthnot, of Beaufort Gardens, S.W., and Edradour House, North Berwick, and is in the Special Reserve, Royal Field Artillery.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (21ST), TO BREVET MAJOR H. J. N. DAVIS: MISS MARGARET GEORGIANA HYDE SMITH.

Miss Hyde Smith is the only daughter of Captain Hyde Smith, late 12th Lancers. Major Davis is the son of Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Davis.

Photograph by F. Robinson.



MARRIED ON APRIL 14 TO MISS EILEEN HEATHER CARLISLE: LIEUT. A. GORDON TAYLOR.

Lieutenant A. Gordon Taylor is in the Royal Artillery, and is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Taylor, of Lyne Grove, Virginia Water.

Photograph by Sarony.



MARRIED ON APRIL 14 TO LIEUTENANT A. GORDON TAYLOR: MISS EILEEN HEATHER CARLISLE.

Miss Carlisle (Mrs. A. Gordon Taylor) is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carlisle, of Wood Hall, Sunningdale, Berks.

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'A Naval Engagement'

see back cover

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TUESDAY, 27th APRIL, and following days.

DURING this week examples of the latest and most attractive Fashions in various departments will be marked at specially reduced prices as an inducement to ladies to attend the Show. These can only be obtained by a personal visit and not by letter or telephone order.

At the close of the week's display they will be re-marked at usual prices.
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On this occasion Ladies may not only view the newest of Fashionable Creations with absolute confidence as to their correctness, but by acquiring models at a reduced price will turn a visit to profitable account.



C.S. Lancette.



B.S. Ashford.



B.S. Ranelagh.

C.S. Lancette
Fascinating design from a "Jenny" model, made in soft Taffeta Silk, also Moire Antique, in Black, Navy, Negro, Brown, Stone Greys.
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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Ironies of War.

In the current number of the *English Review* there are two or three admirable war-sketches by "A Sub.," entitled "Trench Life," which fulfil even Thomas Hardy's definition of "life's little ironies." Only in Flanders they are not "little," they are of tragic significance, and only an Englishman—or possibly a Frenchman of Pierre Loti's sensibility—could have written them. All the brief sketches might be called, generically, "He gave his life for his country." In the first, a German shell bursts in a farmhouse where two military cooks are occupied in "drawing" a pig preparatory to roasting it. Yet in their final attitude they seem, with their folded hands and waxen faces, as heroic as if they had been leading a Forlorn Hope. In another vignette of war, a vicious wastrel of the street-corner, ex-deserter, and irreclaimable product of our slums, is being condemned to death for falling asleep while on sentry duty. To the civilian at home, his death by court-martial seems no irreparable calamity; it is his modern officer, humane, far-seeing, burdened with a sense of social responsibility, who laments the end of this young life. In another sketch we get a glimpse of a nameless soldier's grave in an osier-bed near the Yser. Already, although only a few months have passed, the osiers have grown so thick that you must look hard to discover the primitive cross which marks this Christian's resting-place. Was he a friend or an enemy, and is there any living man who can tell? Even those who carried him there may have passed on, says the writer; and even if some friend had lovingly pencilled the spot on his map—already the loyal record may have been obliterated by a single down-pour! Such are the ironies of war, and it is good that we should envisage them.

The Military and Glory.

No one who has letters from the front can maintain that our "military caste" has any love of war for its own sake, or would wish to prolong the hideous struggle for ambition or glory. Of all soldiers in the world, I think our officers are the mildest-mannered men, with the most humane ideas, and a real detestation of the carnage of war. In this there is no difference of outlook between a Field Officer and the wife of a Dean. Not that it tends to make them less stiff in a fight, for, as Rudyard Kipling once pointed out in a delightful poem about a row in a foreign café, Englishmen are never so formidable as when they begin to be polite as well as cool. Hatred, frenzy, vituperation, gesture, all tend to dissipate the energy required for a good fight; whereas complete self-possession is a priceless thing in war, as in peace. The latest news that von Hindenburg does not believe in Kitchener's one million army—or that, if it exists, it is only a mob in uniform—is all to our advantage. Kitchener's army will be a polite—a very civilised—army, but it will be terribly in earnest. These young men are not out for "glory," but for duty. Though more cheerful and gay, it will be as brave as Cromwell's army of Ironsides. When you can get the

British civilian to take up soldiering seriously, he is apt to prove very formidable to the enemy. Since Stuart times, when the national conscience was roused, we have not attempted such a thing on a large scale. The result will be of breathless interest to all of us, for we shall see of what stuff the islanders of the twentieth century are made.

The Germans and the Suffragettes.

Humour and satire, in the Fatherland, are apt to take a sinister and ferocious turn, even when they are employed against themselves, the amusing weekly *Simplicissimus* of Munich being specially noticeable in this respect. Before the war, this journal used most of its invective and powers of ridicule against the military caste in Germany, though quite without effect. Nowadays, of all the Allies,

England is the one singled out for special vituperation. Scotsmen and Suffragettes come in for most of their disfavour, and nothing will persuade them that England is not sending regiments of ladies who desire the Franchise to the front. Needless to say, all the pictures represent them as ancient hags of the most revolting aspect, the Germans apparently never having heard of a Suffragist who was good-looking and elegant. These English harpies figure in all the "comic" papers, and some of the drawings leave one thoughtful, so near do they run to the borderline which divides the human imagination from insanity. There has been a good deal of this "borderland" lunacy of late years both in Germany and Austria, the notorious book of the young suicide, Otto Weininger, being the most remarkable case in point. This pathological state has also been seen of late years in Russia, but seems to have entirely disappeared in the tremendous national effort and patriotic feeling produced by the war of Slav versus Teuton.



A GROUP OF SPRING FROCKS.

The centre figure is seen in a costume of biscuit-coloured Samovari cloth, with bands of a darker shade appearing on the skirt and short jacket. The two other figures show two of the latest effects in flounces—the frock on the left being carried out in black taffeta and ivory lace, while that on the right is made of "soldier-blue" taffeta with a striped flounce of black-and-white silk, and has deep cerise roses at the waist.

The Russian Flag-Day.

It is not exaggeration to say that we owe our integrity as an island to the wonderful fighting—and staying—qualities of our Russian Allies on the Eastern front. Nothing could have helped to keep the Germans from Paris, or Calais, more than the necessity of their sending millions of their men to East Prussia, Poland, and Galicia. The Russian Flag-Day, which is to be held on May 11, is intended not only to collect money for the Russian wounded, but to familiarise our people with the Russian flag and the Tsar's dominions. Hitherto, ninety-nine men or women out of a hundred are absolutely ignorant of Russia and its people, its spirit, or its aims. They have gathered most of their notions of this grandiose Empire from "shilling shockers" about Nihilists and Revolutionaries. They are quite unaware that the Russians—aristocracy and peasants alike—are the most democratic and kindly in Europe, that their religion is a real guiding force, and that their modern literature and modern music are second to none.

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1/3 2/3 & 3/6 per bottle.
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We have now in stock a very large selection of dainty and inexpensive Blouses, made from Fancy and Striped Fine French Linen. All these Blouses are adapted from the newest Paris Models, and are made by our own highly skilled workers.

BLOUSE (as sketch), a copy of a French model, in fine handkerchief linen. A copy of a French Model, yoke and sleeves put in with beading. Collar and cuffs of white muslin, finished soft buttons for washing, in a variety of stripes and colourings.

25/9

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SPIDER WEB GAUZE SILK
HOSE, black only, 12 1/2 thread
tops & feet, special value, 1/11 per
pair; 10/6 for six pairs.

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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Our War Season. We are certainly not down-hearted; at all assemblages in London the subject for general remark is the cheery and optimistic spirit that prevails. Some people think there is too much of it. Save for the first week or so, when war descended upon our devoted heads with a real eagle swoop, there has been no such depression as during "Black Week" of the Boer War. As this is so stupendous a business, so has the indomitable spirit of the Empire risen to it. I believe that there are cheery dinners for young people which are followed by dances, given expressly for men home from the fighting lines, to send them back heartened and brightened, and to get their minds off war for a little while. Naturally, no one talks much, or writes at all, of these

entertainments; I hear, however, that they are productive of many engagements. At a time like this men and girls are right away from artificialities and exaggerations, and so they find each other out; and, their feelings getting free play, there are more marriages arranged than in normal times, when people are fenced round with artificially cultivated emotions.

The Hats that We Wear in the Spring. Sunshine, of which a large consignment

is due, finds out the weak spots in hats which have borne the rigours of the late winter and early spring, so now we are anxious to invest our heads with the most recent of Dame Fashion's decorations. Scott's, 1 and 1A, New Bond Street, have appropriately issued a brochure of their latest spring millinery. In it are eighteen most attractive illustrations of hats that are pretty, practical, stylish, and becoming. Each has a name, and by these names orders can be sent. The prices are clearly given, and the hats are suitable for many occasions. The "Ashburn," a smart pedal-straw hat trimmed with an ostrich quill, is very dignified

AN EARNEST WORKER FOR THE WOUNDED: THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL.

The elder daughter of Lord and Lady Desborough, the Hon. Monica Grenfell, is one of the most earnest workers for those wounded in the war, and is devoting her days most assiduously to her duties in training for the responsible work of a Red Cross nurse. Miss Grenfell is going through the full course in one of the big London hospitals.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

and charming; it can be made in any colour from two guineas. The "Seymour," for morning wear, in pedal or Tagal straw trimmed with quills and ribbon, for 29s. 6d., is a particularly ladylike and becoming hat. The brochure is worth having, and will be sent on application. Hats will be sent on approbation on receipt of a letter or telegram giving a tradesman's reference, or, if anyone cannot visit the show-rooms, a skilled assistant will wait upon them with a selection of hats.

Tasteful and Toothsome.

The outside of Lyons' new Corner House in the Strand, near Charing Cross, is as dignified and tasteful as those things—for which the firm is famous—procurable inside, and at strictly moderate prices. Those of us who can look back on London as it was fifteen years ago are fairly amazed at the improvement in catering for the public now so general. To have comfortably cooked, nourishing meals served charmingly, as they are at Lyons' Corner Houses, is a real boon. That in Coventry Street, a stone's-throw from Piccadilly Circus, and opened about four years ago, proved a great success, and the new one promises to achieve even greater popularity. The premises are spacious, and the equipment handsome and substantial, while the decorations are very distinguished. Everything that can possibly be required in the way of refreshments or meals, from seven o'clock in the morning until theatre supper at eleven, is provided as excellently as variously.

It is done in a style that proves satisfactory to the most exigent, and a good string band plays during meal-times. The convenience of these Corner Houses to those who are busy is very great; also they are places where the society of friends may be enjoyed over a meal without waste of time. The kitchens are a marvel for cleanliness, every rule of hygiene being complied with, and the arrangements for rapid service are very fine. Such restaurants are a credit to our big Metropolis, and, besides being immensely appreciated by our own people, impress foreigners most favourably.

Beautiful Spring Clothes on the 27th and Following Days.

Most women are on the look-out for Harrod's display of the season's fashions, because they know that not only will they have wonderful variety to choose from, that all the styles are absolutely right, but also that it is the keenly appreciated custom of this great firm to offer in each department examples of their latest modes at particularly low prices. These are real bargains, in the sense that they are beautiful and perfectly new things, and cost no more than models of months ago. It is, however, necessary to make a personal visit to acquire them; they cannot be ordered by post or telephone. As the visit is always a keen pleasure to dress-lovers, there is really no restriction. An illustrated catalogue will be sent by the firm on application; by consulting it, ladies living at a distance will see that to acquire these models is worth a journey to town, and that to a woman is a separate pleasure, making a further debt to Harrod's.

There has just been issued a new song, "The Call of Serbia." Through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Robert Harkness, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E.C., the profits arising from the sale of this are being devoted to the Serbian Relief Fund. The urgent need of Serbia is such that any help is very welcome. The song has already been sung in various places with great success, and the words convey an irresistible appeal. The price of each copy is 1s. 1d. post free, and copies may be obtained from the Serbian Relief Fund, 55, Berners Street, W., or Messrs. Robert Harkness.



A FRIEND OF THE WOUNDED: THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON.

The sympathy of the beautiful Countess of Carnarvon has taken a very practical form. Soon after the outbreak of war, the Earl of Carnarvon's Berkshire seat, Highclere Castle, was used for the reception of wounded, but since then extensive preparations have been made for turning the whole of it to account as a fully equipped hospital for a large number of patients, and Lady Carnarvon, who is a trained nurse, will be in charge. Lady Carnarvon, who was married to the fifth Earl in 1895, and has a son and a daughter, was the daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Charles Wombwell, fourth son of the third Baronet.

Photograph by L.N.A.



AN ANGLO-BELGIAN ALLIANCE: MAJOR AND MRS. F. V. A. TOMBEUR.

The wedding took place on Wednesday, April 14, in Kensington, of Major F. V. A. Tombeur, of the 9th Regiment of the Belgian Army, and Miss Mary Alice White, Chevalier de l'Ordre de Leopold II., daughter of the late Rev. Thomas White, of Tynemouth. The bride has recently been acting as nursing sister to the First Aid Yeomanry Corps, at Calais.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

the A.A. head offices at Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, W.C., or the City offices, Guildhall Annexe, E.C., where full information as to prospects and service is available.

The indefatigable Captain Stenson Cooke, the secretary of the Automobile Association, rejoined the colours at the outbreak of the war with a hundred road patrols, who constitute two companies of the 8th (Cyclist) Battalion of the Essex Regiment. He is now assisting in the formation of another battalion, and will be glad to hear from intending recruits. The work of the Cyclist Corps is interesting, and should strongly appeal to all wheelmen desirous of serving their country. It should be added that the necessary machines are provided, and that the pay is at Army rates, with the usual separation allowances. Applications should be made to

Helping Nature.

MY Complexion Specialties being absolutely pure in all ingredients, mixed and prepared by myself in my own laboratory, never fail in retaining the youthful suppleness of skin and delicate complexion if used habitually.

Their effect on neglected skins is also truly gratifying and remarkable.

NOTE, PLEASE.—For years I gathered practical experience in the laboratories of the most celebrated Complexion Specialist in Europe.

Lavine Skin Food

—in particular, is my great discovery. It removes freckles, sunburn, and other facial blemishes, and will impart and preserve a lustre and softness to the skin, together with a freshness that is altogether admirable.

Prices:

3/-, 7/-, 15/- a Jar.

Sample size, 1/3

Dalena Pink Jelly

—is an astringent and soothing jelly, to banish puffiness and flabbiness, to moderate wrinkles, and restore freshness and firmness to the skin.

Price 3/-, 5/6, & 10/6

Post Free in United Kingdom.

Eleanor

(late with Madame Rubinstein).

17, Hanover Sq., London, W.



Ladies' Hosiery.

Spun Silk Vests

Open Lace Tops - 10/6

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Knickers (Wool) - 5/6

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Price Lists Post Free.

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Five charming Tailor-made Gowns that are typical of the Distinctive Styles and Good Values offered at the REGENT STREET HOUSE of PETER ROBINSON Ltd.

R.S. 10C.—Charming Costume for young lady in navy Coating Serge; over-collar of striped Chenille. Also in Black. **5 Gns.**

R.S. 11C.—Smart Coat and Skirt for young lady, in navy Aberdare Cord; collar of white drill with black stripe. **5½ Gns.**

R.S. 14C.—Perfectly tailored Costume for young lady, in good quality Navy Coating. Three sizes. Also in Covert Coating and Aberdare Cord, **5½ Gns.**

R.S. 12C.—Smart Costume for young lady in good quality Serge Coating. Three sizes. Also in Aberdare Cord, **79/6**

R.S. 13C.—Charming Costume for young lady, in fine navy Suing; high roll-collar of striped material. **5½ Gns.** In Aberdare Cord, **6 Gns.**

94/6

The **REGENT STREET HOUSE of PETER ROBINSON Ltd.**



A DEPLORABLE ABUSE OF GOOD-NATURE : A GRAVE RISK : GOOD VALUE IN CARS.

Appeals to Motorists.

Several times of late have I been asked by military friends if I could obtain for them the loan of a car or cars for recruiting purposes. Reluctantly, I have been obliged to point out that the task is daily growing more and more difficult. For one reason, of course, there are already a very large number of privately owned cars which are regularly in use for ambulance work or placed at the disposal of hospital authorities in respect of giving rides to wounded soldiers; while officers who are themselves car-owners or the friends of car-owners are able to arrange privately for what they require where recruiting is concerned. In the way of open appeal, however, to motoring clubs or associations, it can no longer be said, despite their big membership, that they are able to supply all and sundry with the loan of a car on demand.

The Abuse of Benevolence.

The simple fact of the matter is that car-owners who were the most prompt, at the beginning of the war, in offering their cars for military or benevolent purposes, have mostly been compelled to withdraw their offers of assistance, their experiences having been more painful than pleasant. The people at whose service the cars have been placed have, more often than not, chosen to regard them for the time being as though they were their absolute property, and have applied them to uses for which they were never intended by their owners. The latter have been only too glad to help Staff Officers in the execution of their duties; but it is quite another matter to find cars devoted to the driving about to theatres, or even to barbers' shops, to say nothing of the taking of joy-rides with lady friends. More prominently than ever, indeed, has the old problem become accentuated—how is it that people who are not motorists themselves will persist in regarding a motor-car as a thing of no inherent value, and deserving of no more consideration than a farmer's wagon? In ante-motoring days, if any of these persons had found a neighbour's carriage-and-pair drawn up at their front door, and they had been taken a ride, say, of ten miles at the back of a coachman, they would have deemed it one of the honours of their lives; but when a vehicle like a motor-car, of intricate and costly construction, and tireless efficiency, is placed at their disposal, the mere fact that, unlike the horse, it cannot be run off its legs, seems to them to constitute a claim upon an unlimited and inconsiderate use. They care nothing about scratching the paint, although a single mark may involve the repainting and varnishing of the whole car; and, though they would not willingly overtax a horse, they appear to think that an engine can pull, or the springs can support, as many persons as can be packed into the car.

Driving the Wounded.

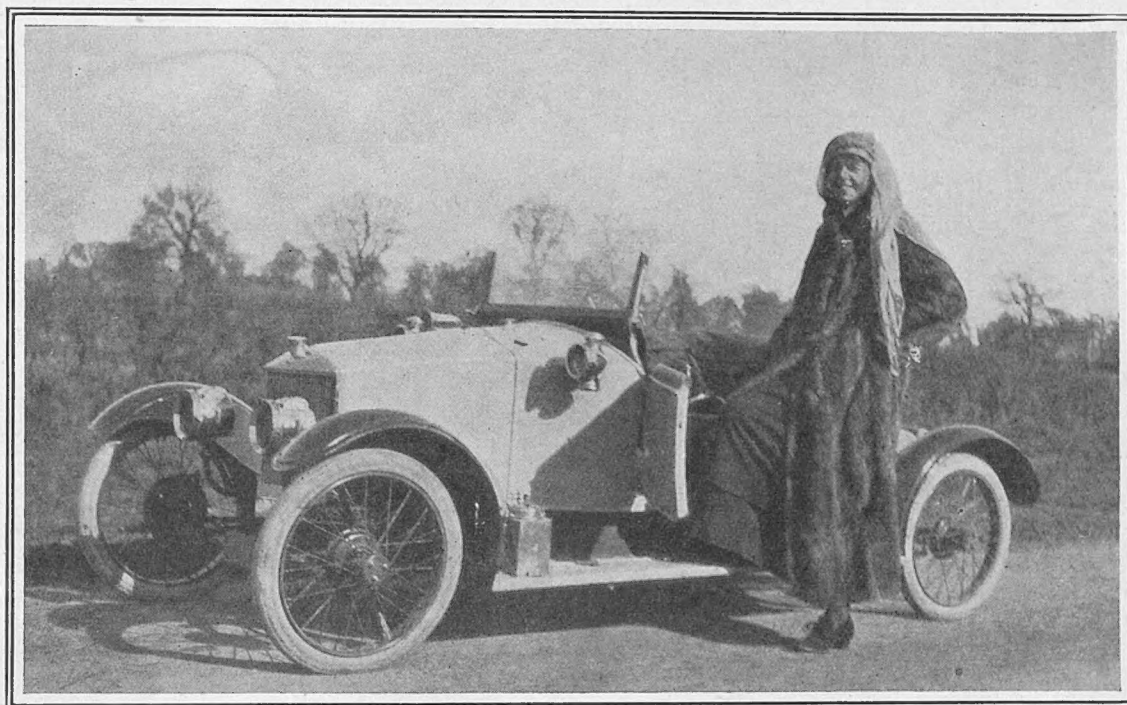
There is another factor, moreover, which weighs with owners who would otherwise be glad enough to lend their cars, but this is not

a question of abuse, but of oft-criticised and inexplicable stupidity on the part of the authorities: I refer, of course, to the existing lighting regulations. "Flogging a dead horse" is poor sport, and I need only say here that there is not a driver in London who would drive his car under existing night conditions unless absolutely compelled. One is obliged to refer once again to this vexed question, however, because appeals have been publicly made to motorists to assist in the removal of wounded soldiers, who arrive from the front in increasing numbers. If one could only guarantee that the poor fellows would always arrive by day, the response would be both large and immediate; but how is the man who dare not even drive himself through London's darkened streets to be willing to face the risk of conveying men in a more or less maimed—and some in a desperate—condition? Even in broad daylight the task is one requiring the utmost skill and care, but any driver may well recoil from the prospect of an accident when endeavouring to convey passengers of such importance, from the humane point of view, without proper lights to see by. There is no getting over the fact that the absurd and wholly needless lighting restrictions have been

responsible for the suppression of the utility of the motor vehicle, to the immense detriment of naval and military officers, hospital authorities, and ambulance organisations, to say nothing of doctors in their private practice and car-owners themselves for their ordinary purposes.

A Plucky Performance.

The charming lady whose portrait appears herewith is Miss Gladys de Havilland, who should now be well on her way to John o' Groats, for which distant spot she was to start on Monday for an



SISTER OF TWO FAMOUS AIRMEN AND ON A LONE DRIVE FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROAT'S:
MISS GLADYS DE HAVILLAND.

Miss de Havilland, who should be well on her way to John o' Groats by this time, has two brothers among our foremost airmen. One is at the front and has already met with a number of adventures there; while the other, who has made many remarkable flights, is a brilliant designer who is building gun-carrying aeroplanes for the War Office. Miss de Havilland is seen with the car on which she is making the Land's End to John o' Groats' journey

absolutely unaccompanied run from Land's End on a Horstmann car. She aspires to cover the distance in four days; but, in any case, it will be a meritorious performance if she gets through even less rapidly. Pluck, however, runs in the family, for Miss de Havilland's brothers are two of our foremost aviators. One is at the front, and has seen many adventures; while the other is not only the hero of many remarkable flights, but is a brilliant designer as well, and is building gun-carrying aeroplanes for the War Office as fast as they can be made.

Advancing Prices.

The increased cost of material and labour, as a result of the war, has already compelled several firms to advance the price of their cars, and the latest example to the point is that of Messrs. Humber, who announce a surcharge of five per cent. on the list prices of all their products. This is the less to be deplored, however, from the fact that Humber cars are marvels of cheapness combined with high quality; indeed, the 1915 models are absolutely tip-top, and would stand a very much greater degree of surcharge before they would compare unfavourably in value with anything of similar type.

BRITISH THROUGHOUT.

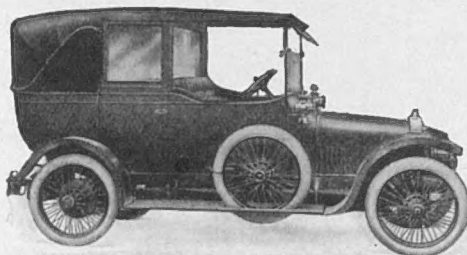
"It is decidedly a car for the discriminating motorist, for in its behaviour it shows all the characteristics of the thoroughbred."—*Auto*.

The World's Best
Medium-Powered Car

STRAKER-SQUIRE

The inevitable result of
eight years' concentration on
the ONE MODEL ONLY.

"There is not a weak spot in the chassis from end to end, while the material is of the highest quality throughout. If I were in the motoring industry, and were a selling agent for the Straker-Squire, I should be at a loss to know which feature to point to first in the endeavour to convert a potential purchaser—the excellence of the construction and design, the sweetness of running and silence of the car in traffic, or its remarkable power on hills. Be that as it may, however, the Straker-Squire can unquestionably be summed up as a perfect touring car."—*Daily Chronicle*.



15-20 H.P.

ONE TYPE CHASSIS
ONLY, suitable for all
Types of Bodies.

Springing, gear ratio,
and rake of steering
specially arranged to
suit particular type of
body fitted.

STRAKER-SQUIRE (1913) Ltd., 75, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.



A PARABLE OF PARA.

The tale of the man
who bought not
wisely but too well.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

AND as they eat, the wise man proceeded with his tale. "Look thou at this shoe. Mark the generous proportions. Torture it and learn the toughness of the fabric which bends but breaks not. Thou didst observe not long since the marks my beast had left in the dust. Didst also observe how sure-footed he was? Place thy finger in this cunning channel. Dost understand? Consider how yon smith, even in this small village, had of this shoe. In every spot the length and breadth of this our land it is the same. So great a name has it attained that more would buy than shoes there are to satisfy them. What, thou wouldst satisfy thy hunger a little? Thou art right. Perchance we would then be in better case to deal with so important a matter."

(To be continued.)

MORAL: A demand which exceeds the supply and always has, is a perpetual and unanswerable argument for the goods.

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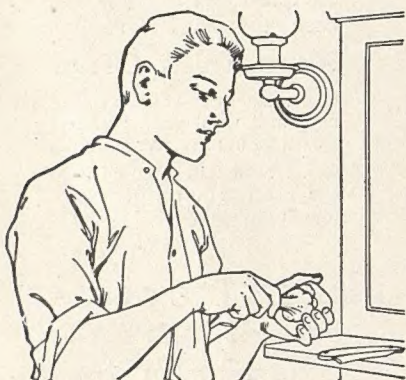
24X.—Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchief, about 19½ ins. square, with 8 in. hems Per dozen .. 5/6

"ADVERTISEMENT" ON THE STAGE.

LATELY we have had a dose of plays, ambitious without ability, unambitious but workmanlike, and a third class, the unambitious and inefficient; it was, therefore, pleasant to welcome "Advertisement," the new piece by Mr. Macdonald Hastings, for it is ambitious, and in many respects very able. A masterpiece? No, not a masterpiece, for it is difficult to accept the central figure as wholly human; and his wife sometimes talks like a book. Still, it is an interesting work, that grips the audience hard at times, and in some passages is vastly amusing at the expense of the great army of wealthy sellers of quack patent medicines; there is also a nasty dig or two at the Press, and its reception of the advertisements of quackeries—particularly the religious Press. It was doubtful wisdom to make Luke Sufan a Jew, for we have been rather overdosed with Hebrew characters on the stage, and I am not at all confident that the specific racial characteristics assist the study (though they are useful in a melodramatic turn during the last act), or that they altogether blend with the character. There are power and humour in this picture of the successful, self-made man, who buys wealth and power too dearly. The ironic scene of his making business capital out of the death of the son whom he really loves is very strong and clever, and will cause much discussion. It has to be added that Mr. Sydney Valentine gave a masterly performance of the character, in every aspect, and Miss Lilian

Braithwaite acted admirably in the heavy part of the wife. Miss Ellen O'Malley was quite charming in a prettily written love-scene, neatly worked into the drama. A quartet of advertisement-agents who acted as advisers to Sufan, were cleverly drawn, and skilful performances were given by Messrs. Paul Arthur, Arthur Chesney, Charles Daly, and Campbell Gullan.

A recent announcement to the effect that the Government had placed various contracts with David Moseley and Sons recalls the fact that so far back as 1889 this firm was engaged in making and supplying component rubber parts of pneumatic tyres. The first Moseley factory was established at Ardwick in 1832, more than eighty-three years ago. Over such a lengthy period there is time to establish a solid reputation, and in this the firm of Moseley has indubitably succeeded. To-day "Moseleys"—especially the grooved pattern—are the chosen tyres of many thousands of British and Colonial motorists, and their consistent excellence is readily acknowledged on all sides. The Moseley confidence in their own products is exemplified by the fact that every Moseley grooved motor-tyre is guaranteed to give a minimum service of 3000 miles, and, as a matter of fact, it is claimed that "Moseleys" cost less than any other tyres sold. In spite of their important Government orders, the makers are fully equal to coping with all orders from private customers, and are making extensive additions to their Ardwick factories.



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Letters

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April 21, 1915

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